

The TATLER

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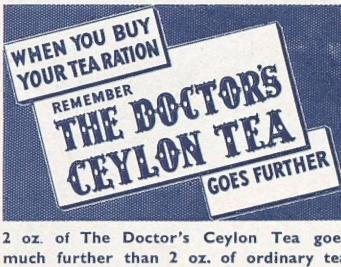
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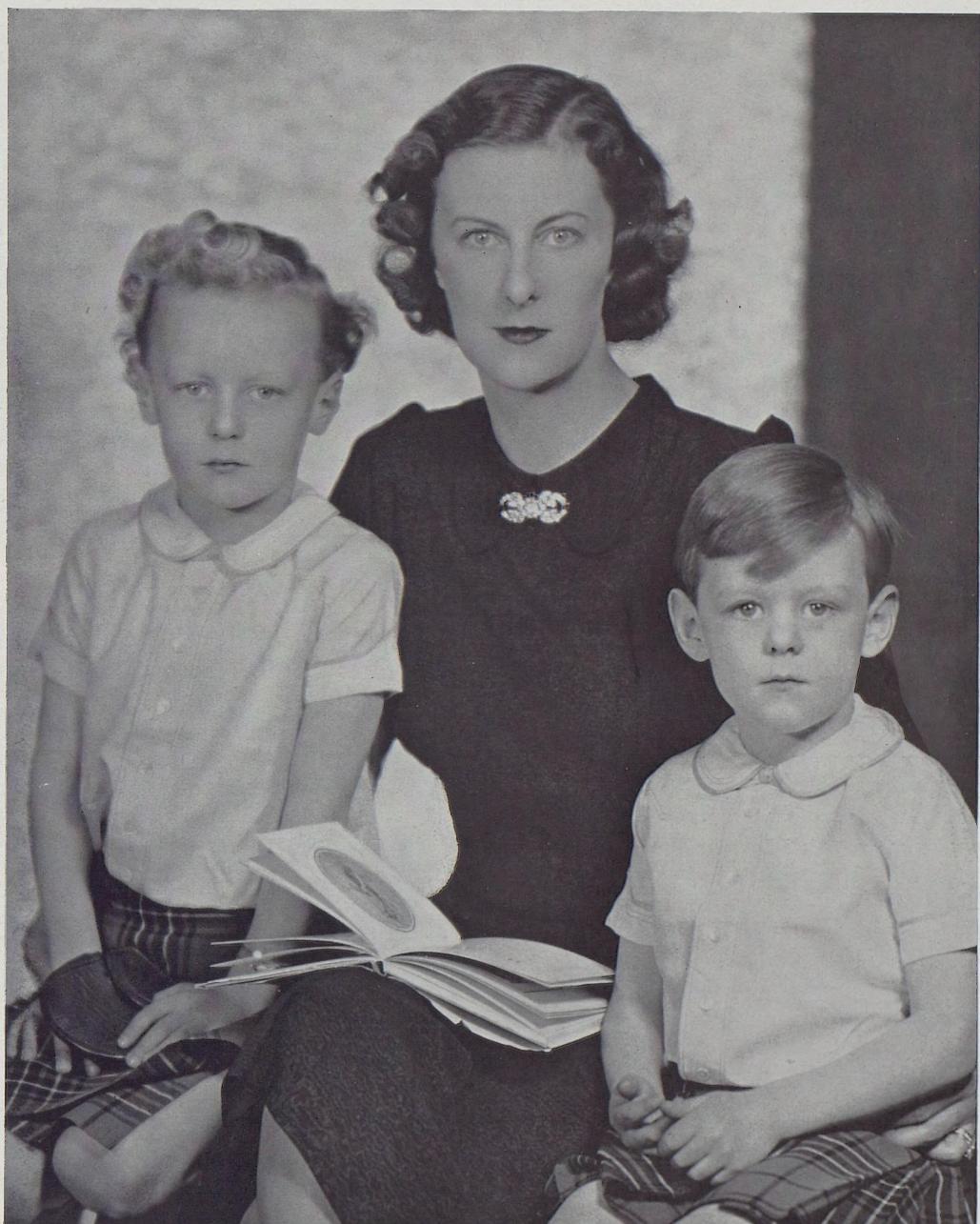
THE TATLER

Vol. CLVII. No. 2047

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Cannons of Hollywood

LADY JEAN RANKIN AND HER TWO SONS

The most attractive elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Stair was married in 1931, she then being Lady Jean Dalrymple and she is at present working hard for the Women's Voluntary Services, devoting herself principally to the babies under five side of that admirable organization. Her own two little sons were born, Ian in 1932 and Aleck in 1935. Mr. Nill Rankin, brother and heir presumptive to his brother Sir Hubert Rankin the present baronet, is now serving in the Army. He won fame in 1924 as the photographer to the Oxford University Arctic Expedition. He is an F.R.G.S. and after Eton went up to The House



America North and South

PROOFS of the admirable efficiency of the Royal Air Force, both in defence here and in attack in Germany and in German-occupied territory, the relatively small amount of damage done and the fine discipline and morale of the civilian popula-

THE WAY OF THE WAR

By "FORE-SIGHT"

which are industrialized—the United States profoundly and Canada increasingly—are also self-sufficient in nearly all the products of the soil which they could import from Latin America, save coffee and rubber: all the well thought out schemes for Pan-American customs unions and economic collaboration founder on this fact. Hence, the Americas cannot cut themselves off from the rest of the world even economically, and the people of the United States know that intensive economic penetration and consequently eventual economic, and therefore political control by Germany would follow any decline of this country.

"Der Tag?"

We know and America knows—and her opinion is the only neutral opinion which really matters to us—what truth there is in German communiqués, German propaganda and German threats; on the other hand it is pretty useless attempting to deduce Hitler's intentions from anything but checked and counter-checked Intelligence. Such information is not open to us and if it were it could not be used and

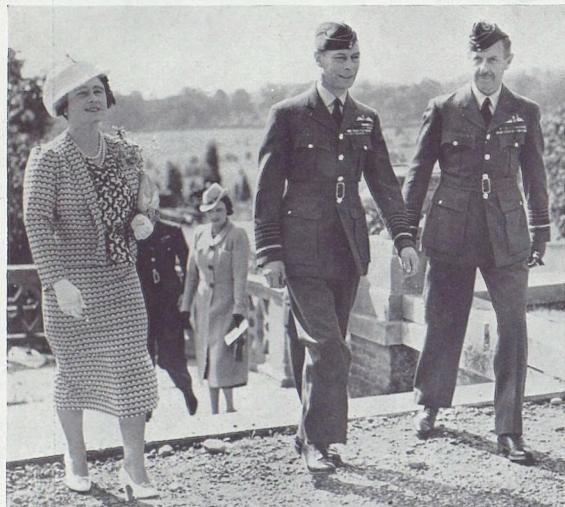
it is obvious that from the German point of view there would be much to be said for prolonged and intensive bombardments not wantonly destructive enough to provoke wholesale reprisals but designedly damaging to morale. The enemy would use all the time peace talk, peace rumour and peace propaganda, carefully wrapped up in "admiration for a most gallant enemy"—"Hitler has no real quarrel with Britain"; "There is room in the world for both Germans and British." And the peace "plan" can be made specially attractive. In fact there is every reason to believe that some neutral countries and some high dignitaries of the Catholic Church may be used as channels.

Of course, there is never a war but there is peace talk, but one has the feeling that the German desire to sound out, to put forth feelers and to "converse" is more marked than the face facts of the war would seem to warrant—all of which is cheering, for it means that as the French say, "*il pleut chez le voisin.*" No doubt the moral and even the material condition of the German people—although we must severely discount widely-advertised but prejudiced accounts of Germany's troubles—is far from satisfactory, but the Germans are a tough lot and can hang on a long time, but the diplomatic position of the Reich as distinguished from the military one, does not seem to be getting better.

"Mare Nostrum"

The Germans have never had anything but contempt for the Italians and that contempt since 1915 has been mingled with a determination to make Italy, one day, pay dearly for her joining the Allies during the last war. I remember well how violent were the sentiments expressed in mockery of the Italians just before the Abyssinian campaign of 1935. The

(Continued on page 372)



THEIR MAJESTIES VISIT TO THE FIGHTER COMMAND

With the King and Queen is Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, A.O., C.-in-C. this Command, with whom their Majesties lunched after making a tour of the headquarters. During lunch the enemy attempted an attack, but this was not allowed to interrupt things in the slightest degree

tion of Britain are daily cabled to the United States. American admiration of the British aggressive resistance continues to grow: so, too, does the realization that the U.S. fighting forces are woefully unprepared. There is, however, in America a fierce determination to aid this country and that determination is spreading to all sections of the community. It is based, if on nothing else, upon *sacra egoismo*, which tells Americans that if this country falls not only their line of naval defence falls too, but that it would be impossible for the United States to maintain the present social, economic, and, consequently, political order.

The United States must export to live and not agricultural products only but manufactured articles. Theoretically it should be possible to institute a strictly inter-American trade and in case of necessity keep the Americas from northern Canada to Tierra del Fuego a closed economic unit such as the Russians have made of their immense empire, as the Germans are making of Europe and as the Japanese hope to make of the Far East. Unfortunately, the only parts of the Americas

if it could be used it would be useless because intelligence information has to be used as part of a huge system of reference, implication and fore-knowledge against a background of ever-shifting events.

What we can know is that all plans, unless their authors are desperate, and this is by no means the case of the Germans today, admit of modifications of details and even of design and that the enemy has more than one bow to his strings. Apart from all considerations of operations in the Near East and of a full-dress invasion attempt,

A GREAT RECEPTION FOR THE PREMIER
IN THE CITY'S RAIDED AREA

It is certain that this picture of Mr. Churchill will be gall and wormwood to his opposite number in Germany, who would have the world believe that the nation is not behind him to a man, woman and child



THE DUCAL PARTY ARRIVING AT WOODSTOCK CHURCH
The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Lord Blandford,
the nurse and the baby and Lady Rosemary Spencer-
Churchill, their Graces' youngest daughter

AT THE CHRISTENING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH'S SECOND SON



LADY CAROLINE AND LADY SARAH SPENCER-CHURCHILL
The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's two elder daughters.
Their new little brother was given the names of Charles
George William. He is the Premier's youngest relation



MAJOR AND MRS. F. G. SCOTT AND DAUGHTER, PATRICIA
Who were amongst the restricted number of guests at
the christening at the pretty church of St. Mary
Magdalene, Woodstock. H.R.H. the Duke of Kent
was one of the baby's godfathers



LADY DIANA COOPER
ARRIVING AT THE CHURCH

The beautiful wife of the very hard-worked Minister of Information, Lady Diana Cooper, a sister of the late Duke of Rutland and an aunt of the present one



SOME MORE OF THE GUESTS ARRIVING

Miss Diana Gilmour, the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour, a sister of the Duchess of Marlborough, and Lieutenant-Commander Colin Buist, R.N., who was one of the godparents of which there were five all told

The Way of the War

(Continued from page 370)

Germans had not then realized the complete importance of the League of Nations and the blindness of Britain and the treachery of France's Laval. The big men in Berlin talked of "Fassadenpolitik" of Mussolini's telephone number as being "Bleibtreu" (a Berlin telephone exchange meaning "stay loyal") 19-15." The Staff officers from Marshal von Blomberg's office in the Bendlerstrasse, whom I used to meet quite often at luncheons, varied their remarks about the German Army never again fighting on two fronts at once as in 1914, with disparaging references to the Italian fighting forces. All the hereditary

Italy, not to speak of the subterranean subversive propaganda and organizations, has at least four major political factors—Mussolini and his gang, the Church, the Army and the Royal Family: no one of the last three could oust the first but a combination of two might shake the Fascist frame-up, a combination of the whole three would certainly down it: and it looks as though such a combination were possible. It is true that by the murder of Balbo one possible candidate for a compromise government has been eliminated but the modified attitude of the church towards Mussolini—combined curiously enough with an also modified attitude towards Hitler—may presage change. The Vatican rarely backs the wrong horse.

Jews from all over Europe constituted by the old Grand Dukes of Tuscany. Grandfather Ciano seems to have been a sort of glorified long-shoreman who owed his rise into the ranks of merchant skippers to his marriage with a lady of undoubted Jewish origin. The title of "count"—not very impressive in Italy, came after Fascism. The Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs and his uncle now represent the family since the death of the father of the Duce's son-in-law. The uncle has been the smart business man.

Edda, Ciano's wife and Mussolini's daughter, is not as is often assumed, unnaturally the daughter of the Duce's wife "Donna Rachele" (as she is entitled to be called as the wife of a Knight of the Annunziata), but is the fruit of a liaison years ago with a Russian woman who is said, perhaps with truth, to have been at least half Jewish. It is amusing to recall in view of Mussolini's former ferocious anti-clericalism—he remains "parcus deorum cultor et infrequens"—that he is reported to have borrowed the money to get married to his Rachele—after the birth of their two eldest children—from the local priest.

It seems that a good deal of the family fortune is in Brazil and it has been made up by graft on a huge scale: the great financial combines of Italy are either under the control of the "family" and their men of straw or have paid an impressive rake-off.

Brazil is proving attractive as a strong-box for many of the dictators. If the Axis wins, they argue, South America will boom under the gentle pressure of German activities. If the Axis is beaten South America will share in the prosperity from the renewed interest of the United States in their Latin neighbours.

Carol and his Carol-line

King Carol, ex-king of what remains of Rumania, is also, they say, on his way to Brazil, where much of his private profit on the operations of the last ten years in Rumania is stored away. So skilfully and lavishly was Carol's personal propaganda orchestrated that even in those countries where his activities were suspect and his moral standards reprobated, he was credited with great patriotism and

(Continued on page 400)



GENERAL LORD GORT AND COLONEL G. E. WHITTALL
AT A SOUTH MIDLAND TRAINING CENTRE

Lord Gort, gallant C-in-C. our Armies in France during that epic operation, the retreat to the coast, was appointed Inspector-General for Training in July last. The above picture was taken when he was on inspection of an infantry centre

contempt for "das falsche Welschland" welled to the surface among the common people in all parts of Germany. Nothing has happened since to make the Germans change their mind.

The trouble is that the only part of the Axis which can be used against us in the Mediterranean at the present time is the soft end. The Italian Navy seems no more inclined to risk its precious boats now than in 1915-1918. During the last war the only two warships of the "Regia Marina" to be lost, the *Dante Alighieri* and the *Leonardo da Vinci*, were blown up in harbour. After all, in the oft-quoted phrase "Mare Nostrum," the Italians must remember that the accent is on the first word not on the second.

One thing is quite clear—the Italian people do not want to fight, they have never wanted to fight and still less do they now: business is bad, food conditions, even for Italy, unsatisfactory—it is wonderful how little Italians can live on (but good soldiers are meat eaters from their youth up)—and discontent with the regime rife.

It is pleasing to reflect that in a country where the Jew hunt has been somewhat colourlessly imitated from the German prototype, Ciano certainly and his wife, probably have Jewish blood in their veins. The Ciano family—whose fortune is now said to be getting on for two thousand million lire, although it is difficult to translate that sum into dollars and cents as the Americans say—comes from Leghorn, the great port of refuge for



WOMEN'S MEDICAL AID FROM AMERICA

In the picture are, left to right: Miss Mildred Lewes, Miss Miriam Knight, Mrs. Donald Dial, Mrs. John Converse and Mrs. Adelbert Overman, part of the staff of operating sisters and medical secretaries who have come to this country with seven well-known American surgeons who have volunteered their services. If future events make it advisable it is planned to establish a thousand-bed hospital in England, staffed by American doctors and equipped and supplied by funds raised by the Allied Relief Fund.



THE HON. CELIA, THE HON. SIMON, THE HON. ISABEL AND THE HON. MARY
MONCKTON-ARUNDELL, AND (BELOW) THEIR EXCELLENCIES

THE GOVERNOR-
GENERAL OF
NEW ZEALAND
and the
VISCOUNTESS
GALWAY
and
THEIR CHILDREN
at
GOVERNMENT
HOUSE,
WELLINGTON

His Excellency the present Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of New Zealand was appointed to his great charge in 1935 when he succeeded Lord Bledisloe who was by profession a lawyer and who succeeded a great sailor, the late Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Jellicoe. Lord Galway is a soldier and retired with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel from the Life Guards. New Zealand has been very lucky in her recent rulers and all these three have been extremely popular. Lady Galway is the younger sister of Lord Anson and was formerly the Hon. Lucia White, and was married in 1922. She was formerly a Maid of Honour to the late Queen Alexandra. The only son and heir, the Hon. Simon Monckton-Arundell, was born in 1929.



Photos: Spencer Digby, Wellington, New Zealand

THE CINEMA By JAMES AGATE

AMOK, a French film based on a novel by Stefan Zweig, banned by the Censor and now presented for adults only at the Academy, pretends to ask the question: Is a woman justified in killing her unborn child? The ways in which this subject can be treated are infinite, depending as much on the individual author as on the nationality of the film. I can imagine Remarque, who wrote "All Quiet on the Western Front," arguing that immediately on the declaration of war all women in the declaring country would be justified in putting an end to the supply of soldiers. I can imagine Mr. Shaw in the early years of the century arguing that it were better that no children should be born than that half of them should be voteless. I can imagine strong plays on the subject by Sophocles, Pinero, and Somerset Maugham. And, of course, one must not forget that Ibsen in "Ghosts" wrote a play showing that if Mrs. Alving had never had Oswald, the wretched orphanage would not have caught fire or something of the sort!

Stefan Zweig's play is not nearly as simple and forthright as Ibsen's. It happens in the middle of what one takes to be French Cochin-China. A native has run amok and after having been duly shot is duly looked after by the resident doctor who fails, however, to resuscitate him. The doctor is the type one expects to find residing in the Cochin-Chinese jungle. He has evidently made Europe too hot for him. "There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face," wrote Shakespeare. But if one had to guess at Dr. Holk's profession, one would unhesitatingly say a abortionist. Now the doctor has hardly done washing his hands after operating on the native when there arrives through the jungle the beautiful and extremely distinguished Hélène Haviland. The motor car is white and scratchless, the actress Marcelle Chantal's garments bespeak hours of confabbing with Molyneux in person, and her chauffeur is the last word in Cochin-Chinese circumspection. To what does Dr. Holk owe the honour of this so unprecedented visit? Very delicately Hélène suggests that she has need of a little prescription for which she cannot ask any of the doctors moving in that Cochin-Chinese society which she sways. For an abortionist Dr. Holk is a long time tumbling, as they say, to the lady's real meaning. And then it appears that we have misjudged him in

the past as the lady is misjudging him now. He may have been a scoundrel in Europe, but he has at least drawn the line at that. Whereupon the lady somewhat inconsequently boxes Dr. Holk's ears! Then she drives off home leaving the chauffeur to find his way on foot.

And then Dr. Holk begins to be tortured. He is spending his life in the jungle expiating we are not told exactly what, and he must win Hélène's recognition of that expiation. She had left behind her ermine, diamond-clasped handbag containing—shades of Halévy, Scribe, Sardou and all the other makers of the well-made play!—incriminating letters from her lover. Armed with this, the doctor pursues Hélène even into the fastnesses of the ballroom at the Governor's house. But

Hélène will have no truck with the man; an ear boxed cannot be unboxed, as Musset might say. Then Dr. Holk plays a trump card—the letters. So Hélène goes to meet the doctor armed only with her virtue and a revolver which she puts into a handbag of emerald-mounted shagreen. Here Zweig is, I suggest, mistaken as to his film's emotional effects; it is the woman film-goer's mouths and not eyes which water! "And the price of the letters?" says Hélène icily. "Your recognition, madame, that the man before you is a man of honour, tarnished in Europe but untarnishable in Cochin-China!" Hélène concedes the point. Whereupon Dr. Holk says: "I love you!" This has Hélène beaten, and she can only stalk out in a stalking-out gown of oyster charmeuse trimmed with marabout. And all this time Hélène's husband is speeding across the Pacific wastes, while we are afforded glimpses of the cause of all Hélène's trouble, a young gentleman exactly like the *Joli Monsieur* of the French postcard scene in Mr. Farjeon's revue at the Criterion. And that night Hélène betakes herself to the native midwife Li Wang *avec les résultats les plus finestes!* Even Dr. Holk can do no more than promise her, as she passes out, that her secret shall never be known.

But Hélène's husband is not satisfied. The body shall be taken to Europe and the cause of death investigated. And then dear readers of THE TATLER, believe me or believe me not!—as the body is being hoisted on to the steamer Dr. Holk leaps from nowhere on to the crane and cutting the cord sends Hélène hurtling full fathom five and himself after her. Bosh if you like, but superbly acted by Chantal and Jean Yonnell. The rest of the programme contained a delightful nature film called *Babes in the Wood* and a film entitled *Let George Do It* which exploits Formby's popularity.

Amok, by the way, is probably the last French film we shall see for quite a while. There is, however, an excellent series of French film revivals in progress at Studio One and since, at the moment of writing, that cinema is carrying on like all the others at least during the day, the reader is recommended to go and relish again the best and most recent film-masterpieces from the Continent. Incidentally, let me say how much pleasure the two little cinemas in Oxford Street have given me during the past few years.

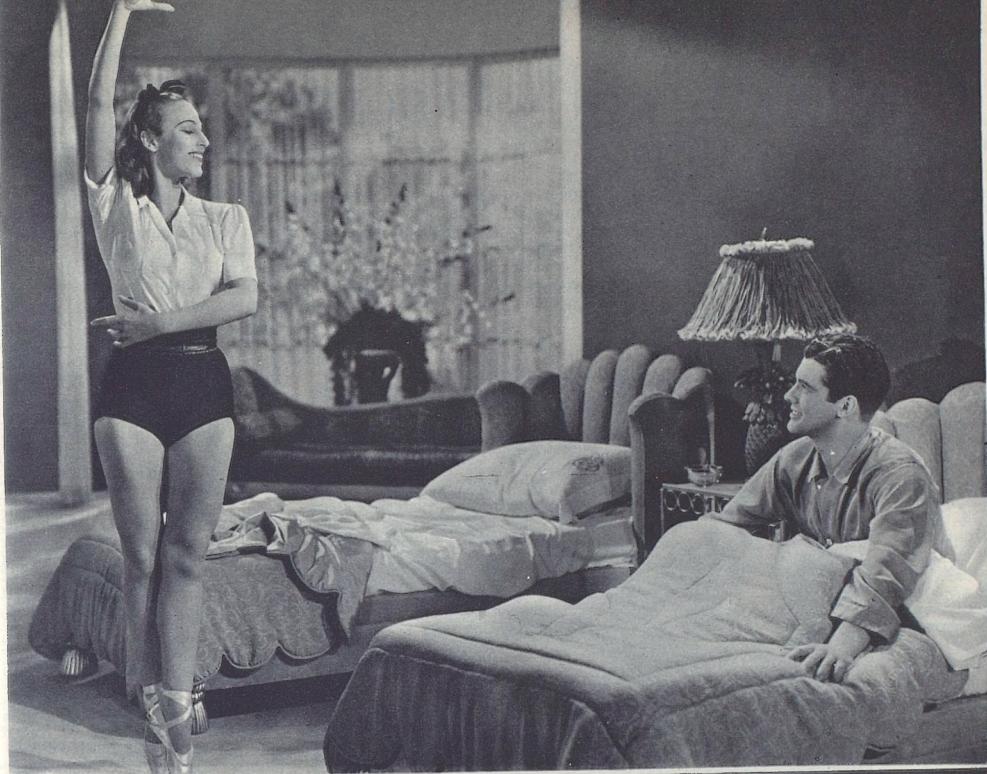
Exciting Bosh



LOVELY FILM ACTRESS, JOY FRANKAU

Fred Daniels

Joy Frankau, the really beautiful daughter of Ronald Frankau, a master of the art of double-entendre, who is so often seen in his rôle of compère in non-stop revue, is a newcomer to British films and will be seen in the screen version of *Tilly of Bloomsbury*, directed by Leslie Hiscott from the play of that name by Ian Hay, which was given at the Apollo Theatre in 1919, when the part of Amelia was played with great success by Ena Grossmith, daughter of the much-loved George Grossmith, throughout the run of the piece. It is sure to be a good film



"I WAS AN
ADVENTURESS!"

SAID SHE

BUT
SHE SLIPPED UP
AND
MARRIED HER
VICTIM

TANYA, THE ADVENTURESS (ZORINA), DOING A BIT OF VAMPING
ON PAUL VERNAY (RICHARD GREENE)



TWO OF THE WICKED GANG: DESORMEAUX (ERICH VON STROHEIM) AND POLO (PETER LORRE), AND (RIGHT) ZORINA, AS THE LOVELY TEMPTRESS, THE THIRD MEMBER OF THE WICKED GANG

The evilly disposed Countess Tanya Vronsky was not a real success as an adventuress, because just when she and the other villains, Desormeaux and the light-fingered Polo, had got everything nicely fixed for the fleecing of the fabulously wealthy Paul Vernay, she must needs go and fall in love with him and eventually marry him. Zorina, very famous in the world of the ballet, is ideally cast for the part of the lovely temptress. The film started at the Odeon on the 18th



SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

Luncheon

THE big luncheon at the Dorchester to Mr. Anthony Eden has been written about fairly freely. But here is some more. Mr. Eden administered some mild jokes with his grave remarks. (Remain prepared—invocation threat not past—bombing to continue, etc.—also a sort of general-knowledge paper about Trafalgar and Waterloo and such.) He said—which is nice to know—that he would never suffer from swelled head at the War Office, because, whenever he signed a document, under the signature was the stamp: "His Majesty's Secretary of State for War for the time being."

General Sir John Dill, Chief of Imperial General Staff, was a composed and reassuring figure. General Sir Alan Brooke, G.O.C.-in-C. Home Forces, was there too. He is a brother-in-law of Sir Evelyn Wrench, founder of the Overseas League and of the English Speaking Union, and now in the U.S. for the Government. Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett is at the Treasury, and is son and brother of famous K.C.s; and Mr. Richard Law, one of the Under-

Lord Snell is particularly important in connection with hospitals. He tells the story of the man who boasts that he has been in every sort of hospital. "No you haven't!" cries some over-sharp listener. "What about the women's hospital?" "Born there!" cracks back the smart rejoinder.

Mr. William Hickey, whom I always read after "Beachcomber" in the *Daily Express*,



AT "THE INFERNAL MACHINE"
FIRST NIGHT

Some of Jean Cocteau's distinguished compatriots who went to the Arts Theatre to see his conception of the adventures of Oedipus. Left to right: Mme. Michaelis, Admiral Muselier, Commander of the Free French Naval and Air Forces, and Commander de Frigate and Mme. Moret

and Mr. Hannen Swaffer were among the celebrated.

The luncheon was sponsored by Colonel Lord Nathan, of Churt, who in a fit of vagueness I recently called a Major. He is Chairman of the National Defence Public Interest Committee, which gets up these luncheons every fortnight. This one celebrated the anniversary of the war.



SARAH CHURCHILL (MRS. VIC OLIVER)
AND MRS. LANGFORD OLIVER

More celebrities at *The Infernal Machine* première, at the Arts. Sarah Churchill is the Premier's and Mrs. Churchill's second daughter, and Mrs. Langford Oliver one of her husband's relations. Opinions were divided about the play

Secretaries for War, son of the late Mr. Bonar Law. Every sort of Army representative was there, including Commissioner David Lamb for the Salvation Army. H.E. Dr. Edouard Benes, President of the Czechoslovak Republic, sat next to Mr. Eden.

Achduke Robert of Austria, brother of the claimant to the Hapsburg Throne, was there. He was lunching in the House of Commons lately with Captain Alan Graham, M.P., whose South African wife has returned to her own country to have a baby. The stage was represented by Mr. C. B. Cochran and Miss Diana Wynyard, who arrived together. Miss Wanda Rothe, the red-haired Czech actress, was also there.

The more enterprising of the Kensington young ladies can be seen dotted about, and an occasional hint of Bloomsbury. Nothing noticeably Mayfair or Belgravia, but some nice numbers in bathing-suits, some athletic young men and fat old ones, and a few children, including, to-day, a very small French boy with a great many eyelashes, who keeps coming and trying to pinch my pencil. "Maman!" he pipes into my ear, with the engaging impartiality of the very young. All quite nostalgic, and only a little imagination needed to reproduce Juan les Pins. Admission threepence.

Tory Stronghold

THE Conservative Club is a different line of country. The sheer weight of marble seems to press one back at the entrance, but having made the necessary effort of will and got in, one quickly atrophies into a part of the Victorian age, here sturdily droning on. A dome soars overhead, climax to a piling-up of every sort of encrustation and elaboration. Mosaic writhes and interlocks over every inch of floor, and I



LORD ROSSE, MR. WALTER CRISHAM
AND LADY ELEANOR SMITH

And yet some more who patronised Jean Cocteau's play. Lord Rosse is in the Brigade of Guards, Walter Crisham very famous in the dancing world, and Lady Eleanor Smith, as hardly needs recording, Lord Birkenhead's talented authoress sister

London Lido

THE Serpentine bathing-place is interesting. On a hot day, with bodies closely-packed along the edge, it is fairly like the South of France, even to the mixture of languages, and inevitable male foreigners in bathing-caps and beards. Presently, however, the crisp click of Cockney comes through, and even that septic old rip of a sea, the Mediterranean, cannot produce quite such low-quality débris along its equally tideless edges. But you can avoid that by using the diving-boards or steps out in the middle, and there is lots of room to swim and just the right minimum of room for getting brown.

dreamt afterwards that I rode a horse up the staircase; it is obviously so much too big to walk up at one's own insignificant level. Marble statues, huge enough in themselves, occupy pedestals to increase their menace. A bust of Queen Victoria is flanked by busts of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and there is one of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain further on, facing the whole of Mr. Disraeli, who wears a marble frock-coat. The only reassuring thing about all these people is the trick of light and London dirt which darkens their noses to an appearance of having dined too well. Huge mirrors on opposite sides of the centre well create a serial

eternity of what they see. Smoking is not allowed in the dining-room, but it is no longer confined to the smoking-room only. So even here change rears its ugly head.

SIGNS AND PORTENTS

I am very cheered up, after a particularly noisy night, because I have just seen a cross-eyed man. Actually sat opposite him in a bus: nothing luckier, and ample compensation for the sleep which everyone must have lost on account of the odious Herr Hitler. Once I saw three cross-eyed men, all standing together, and the results were terrific. So here's hoping for all-round good fortune, and, anyway, nothing is really disturbing Londoners, who get angry rather than rattled. Beautiful firelit sky, with pigeons wheeling in it at dawn, was admired by many; there is no denying the picturesqueness of the maypole plaiting of searchlight ribbons, and booms-a-daisy impact of bombs, which have become the customary after-dinner cabaret.

SEEN IN LONDON

ALTHOUGH the big stores pack up for the duration of the raids, none of the restaurants seem to. Miss Claire Luce, in black, and torrents of blonde hair, was lunching with Miss Mala Brand. Lady Doverdale was out with Lady Bingham, and Mrs. Reynolds Albertini with a party. Lady Baynton had a restaurant party which included H.R.H. Archduke Robert of Austria, Lord Ivor Churchill, Sir Ronald Storrs, Admiral Sir W. Horton, Mrs. de Trafford, and Mrs. Thornycroft.

Lady Dashwood shopped in Regent Street, wearing a delightful toy hat: a little white funnel with a ham-frill of scarlet. Mr. George Robey walked along the Brompton Road in a blue suit; Miss Renée Houston negotiated Oxford Circus in a black skull-cap. Mr. Jack Buchanan had an evening drink. Olives were served on ice: "Just warmed them up for you,

Sir." Lord St. Davids walked through the House of Commons while a party of troops were being shown round. He is tall and unassertive, the only private in the House of Lords, and known in the Army as Sapper Phillips. His hobby has been making gliders, and last autumn a glider which he exported to South America won the long-distance championship, beating several German competitors.

IN HERTFORDSHIRE

DEPLETED packs of hounds in Hertfordshire are cubbing, including the Aldenham Harriers, which hunt foxes at the end

of the Edgware Road, and are enthusiastically received by the locals. Necessary reductions in this pack have been made by giving them away to Ireland instead of destroying them.

There was a wedding at Aldenham Church this week. Miss Patricia Harland, the Ulster M.P.'s daughter, married an airman—Flying Officer Thomas Goodbody. Her sister is working on Aldenham estate as a Land Girl, and the whole family are very keen on hunting.

FRENCHMEN IN LONDON

VERY good unrehearsed effects at the particular rendez-vous which is now inhabited by goodness knows how many Frenchmen. They play cards, violins and concertinas, write French remarks in chalk, and enjoy copious amenities. They are battle survivors who have reached this country from Narvik and from France, mixed up with our own troops. Many of them are wounded, none of them know what has happened to their homes and families. They are charming and picturesque, some of them have blue eyes, and some bullet-heads and chocolate skins. They wear all sorts of things that are collected for them, and supplement Army rations from beautifully run canteens.

The whole thing was started by Mrs. Spears (Mary Borden). Lady Queensberry (Cathleen Mann) took over from her, and looks small and attractive in her khaki, and of course does it all very well. Mrs. Julian Huxley, Mrs. Peter Rodd (Nancy Mitford), Mme. Paxinou, the Greek actress, Miss Elizabeth Phillips, and Captain Peter St. Clair Sproule-Bolton (known as Peter Sproule), poet and short-story writer, who has lived most of his life in Paris, all help. Also Mr. Edward Knoblock, who collects and distributes "comforts," which means clothes and shoes, and includes beautiful white soap presented by its makers. H.M. the Queen, and

(Continued on page 397)



MR. AND MRS. RICHARD PURCELL BLOW, WHO ARE LEAVING THEIR LONDON HOUSE

Mr. Blow, son of the famous architect Mr. Detmar Blow, was on short leave from his regiment when this picture was taken at his London abode, which he and his charming wife, the former Miss Diana Bethell, are temporarily evacuating for a house nearer to the spot where he is stationed



IN LONDON TOWN IN THE AIR-KRIEG

The actual location was the May Fair Hotel, and the two quite unconcerned people are Captain G. Kennard, who is in a well-known cavalry regiment, and Miss Cecilia Maunsell



ALSO SUPPING IN TOWN

Flying Officer and Mrs. Peter Agnew, also at the May Fair, on one of those somewhat noisy nights to which we are growing accustomed and which are not destroying our morale

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

Grim Living

TH E more I hear and read about lives of crime, the more I begin to realise that it must be a pretty grim existence. The good and the conventional and the law-abiding do at least find peace. Maybe it is this peace which is conventionality's undoing. There is so little excitement in it, and to a certain type of temperament excitement is its own justification. They can't live without it. Everything else seems dull. And boredom is the handmaiden of much so-called wickedness.



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

MADAME SOUBBOTITCH

The attractive wife of the Yugoslav Minister in London, M. Ivan Soubbotitch, who is the authoress of several very learned books on social, legal and political subjects. She writes under her maiden name of Anka Godyevatz, and she holds the distinction of being the first woman Doctor of Law at Belgrade University. The appointment of M. Soubbotitch to his present diplomatic charge coincided with the visit to this country in 1939 of Prince Paul and the Princess Olga, of whom they are close friends.

When the whole of life seems stuffed-up as well as stuffy, the Devil is sure to pop in for tea. It comes rather like the relief of saying " Damn ! " after too many symbolical teats at the Vicarage. How to thwart this urge for some kind of adventure, no matter where, has been the problem of the conventional since time immemorial. And they haven't solved it yet. Perhaps because they offer

such dull alternatives. At any rate, there come into the lives of nearly all of us—who is anybody at all and not just vegetable—moments when, unless something dramatic happens, we shall yearn to do most of the things which we have been told we ought not to do—not because we especially want to do them, but because the routine of doing-what-we-ought-to-do seems as if it were getting the spirits down. And life consequently appears too monotonous for words.

This, of course, doesn't apply to these tragic days when people have all the excitement they want and, on the whole, a great deal too much of it. But in ordinary days it is difficult to keep the young and vigorous in virtue's stately path and keep them thrilled and interested at the same time. Nature has provided sex, but sex palls in time—or else we begin to pall on sex, which comes to much the same thing. So, as we all have some sort of shadier side in our composition, if we are to possess any personality at all, the problem of life so often amounts to either hiding it or suppressing it. Existence is consequently an inner turmoil in either case. It should make us more charitable, I suppose. But, in reality, the more one side of our nature is suppressed, the more vindictive we are towards those who have not taken the pains to endure such suppression. Sometimes I think that it is healthier and wiser to indulge our shadier side, since that does at least seem to get it, so to speak, out of our system. Just as a surfeit of extreme virtue often ends in an orgy, so an orgy often ends in a reform.



MRS. ELIZABETH WOLFE AND MRS. FABIENNE LAFARGUE, CO-AUTHORESSES OF "PAINTED TOYS"

These two talented ladies write under the joint nom de plume of "Evelyn Fabyan," and this new novel is due to make its appearance to-morrow, September 19. Mrs. Wolfe and Mrs. Lafargue are fellow ambulance drivers in a Chelsea contingent and both are related to men of letters, Mrs. Wolfe being Sir John Heygate's sister and Mrs. Lafargue is the daughter of the late Brethous Lafargue, the poet and famous critic of *Le Revue des Deux Mondes*. Mrs. Wolfe captained the Women's International Squash team in 1933 and 1937.

By RICHARD KING

BUT you may argue this psychological problem until you are blue in the face and still come to no satisfactory permanent solution. Prison, anyway, doesn't seem to solve it altogether and charity no sooner. If we do not punish ourselves, then nobody else can successfully do so. So the only question which arises is this : if the good in us transcends the bad in us, then we are nice people. Otherwise we are not, and there is really very little which any outsider can do about it—except condemn. Which cuts such little ice in the hearts of those who do not feel that they have done wrong. The characters in Mark Benney's new novel, for instance, are, from the vicarage standard, extremely vicious. In fact, some of them are vicious from any standard. And yet, were I to find myself in a hole, I would the more quickly turn to one or two of them than I would seek aid from the vicar. So I find condemnation cut off, so to speak, at the roots, and I come to the conclusion that when you know the worst of people you do at any rate really know them, and to know people well is either to forgive, forget, or avoid.

All the same, "The Big Wheel" (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.) is not for babes and sucklings, however adult physically. It is a novel for people who, to a greater extent than many of us, have psychologically grown up. It is a picture of what I will call the petty criminal world on a big scale. The Big Wheel, for instance, was actually a brothel. It went round and round in the midst of a London fair-ground, as innocent to look at as a roundabout. But each revolution took ten minutes and each cabin held two. And in its way it was symbolical of the world which the writer describes to us so vividly as to carry complete conviction. His world went round and round in a kind of vicious circle, and there seemed no way out of it except the way out which all of us must take sooner or later.

Yet apart from this world, the novel is notable for the character of two people. Eric, the young man who owned the wheel, and the frosty, elderly woman, Phoebe, who dominated his life against his will. These two characters remain in the memory because of their weakness and their kind of immoral strength. Eric especially. In the study of vice and crime one thing always emerges—the fact that the vicious and the criminal live in a kind of inner life of their own. It isn't completely fiction, but neither is it completely real. Rather it would seem as if the fiction sustained the reality and seemed to justify it. Like an adolescent dream of grandeur which refused to fade among hard facts. A kind of unassailable conceit which could conceive of no disillusion.

IT is this conceit, part fiction, which ignores reformation as any existence worth living. The dream demands money and power ; the mere suggestion of any other kind of well-being being as insufferable as the suggestion to a born poet that he

(Continued on page 386)



STRANGE HONEYMOON

Peter Glenville as Oedipus and Jeanne de Casalis as Jocasta, who was Oedipus's mother, whom he married after slaying Laius, who, no doubt, richly deserved his fate



OEDIPUS AND THE SPHINX

The Sphinx is played by Leueen MacGrath in Jean Cocteau's quaint conception of the life story of Oedipus

OEDIPUS REX

ACCORDING TO COCTEAU:
"THE INFERNAL MACHINE"



ANUBIS, EGYPTIAN GOD OF THE DEAD, AND THE SPHINX

Mr. Vivian Milroy makes a marvellous success in this unattractive rôle, full of icy savagery. The Sphinx (Leueen MacGrath) put the riddle to which only Oedipus managed to find the answer. The prize was Jocasta, his own mother

Angus McBean
THE STRANGE WOOING OF A SON BY HIS OWN MOTHER

Jocasta (Jeanne de Casalis) at the moment when she is attracted by the physical perfections of Oedipus (Peter Glenville), who is presented by Cocteau as something like a Guards' ensign of the period. The elected bridegroom has just seen the ghost of his father, whom he has murdered

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

should henceforward deny beauty and concentrate entirely on adding up accounts. Eric's dream was this, and it took him into a life of minor crime with the blustering bravado of a world conqueror. His inner torture, however, was that he might not succeed: the torture of a good singer who yearns to sing one day at Covent Garden, but is haunted by the dread he may end up as the entertainer of Masonic gatherings. Good, but not quite good enough. It was this inner doubt which gave Phoebe such a hold over him. She inspired without giving confidence. Herself, she had made crime her object in life, with no moral qualms about it other than gaol. She knew where she was going, and why. Fat, elderly and vicious, every word she uttered, every act she committed, was according to her own plan. She didn't aim very high, but knew the level which she could attain, and sustain. She sustained it to her own admiration and in spite of the fear and hatred of her victims.

These two well-drawn characters, Eric and Phoebe, dominate the story and, apart from its other very fine qualities, make it one to read and remember. Maybe it is a world of ugliness into which we are introduced, but it is so well described that it carries complete conviction. And where there is truth there is always something memorable and worth knowing, however conventionally uncomfortable. Conventionality, at any rate, too often hides the truth. That is why too much of it is both dull and unutterably boring—like listening to the conversation in the lounge of any big hotel where strangers are trying to impress upon other strangers the importance of who they are and where they have come from. Personally, I think Mark Benney has written nothing so good since his first story, "Low Company," created something of a sensation.

Tale of a Cat

MR. GERALD BULLETT'S "crime story without a crime," "When the Cat's Away" (Dent; 7s. 6d.), would perhaps have had more body in it if a crime had really been committed. As it is, it is highly entertaining—but rather too much on one note, so to speak. Like the cheery person who sustains his gaiety from breakfast to bedtime, but ceases to infect us with his high spirits soon after lunch. Nevertheless, the fact remains that you can always lay story down and pick it up again, whereas, unless the door is locked, people can pop in from anywhere and at any time, and often seem inescapably all over the place. So if you would savour this entertaining story's full entertainment, read it in patches of time; closely related, of course. Then you will be really very amused by this tale of a lost cat and all the human turmoil this loss entails. For, in the beginning, Mrs. Lincroft had lost her "darling Dinky" and elderly Lord Umbridge had found a stray black cat to which immediately he had lost his heart.

Now, cat-lovers have this thing in common—their own pet cat is the most intelligent, most lovable, most affectionate cat in all the world. Dog-lovers may compromise, but cat-lovers—never! So when Mrs. Lincroft's companion, Miss Merriman, allowed Mrs. Lincroft's Dinky to escape

from the car while on a shopping expedition, both ladies were heartbroken immediately. Mrs. Lincroft from a sense of blighted affection; Miss Merriman from the vague suspicion that she was not altogether free from blame—and knew it only too well, since it looked too much as if it had been according to plan. Miss Merriman was no criminal. Unfortunately, that very day a cat wandered into Lord Umbridge's mansion and, as is the way so often with cats, took an immediate affection for the one person likely to be the most useful. Lord Umbridge was delighted, and although in one weak moment he had advertised in the local newspaper that a cat had been found, he was determined that his cat would not be the one which had been lost.

This brought him into immediate communication with Mrs. Lincroft, who was determined to wrest from him his new-found treasure. Thus two complete eccentrics meet, and the rest of the story revolves around their plots and counterplots to possess the cat. All kinds of other people are involved and they are all so amusingly distorted as to seem completely lifelike. Slight entertainment, if you will, but entertaining all the same, and this is almost everything in these days.

Small Beer

NORAH C. JAMES'S new novel, "The Gentlewoman" (Cassell; 8s. 6d.), is a pleasant conventionality, but not very notable otherwise. The heroine is a middle-aged charwoman, Mary Carter,

and the story concerns her family and the lives of the people she worked for. A pity, therefore, that we have met them, or their like, so many times before. There is Ruth Satty, for instance, who was a journalist and ambitious; preferring to live with Richard than marry him and so handicap her career. Richard is an author—why do authors always presume such glamour in books?—who spent many, many hours in the library of the British Museum. Then there are Henry Parsons and Jane Parsons. Henry is a film actor, and Jane, jumping to conclusions, considered herself something of a psychologist. But Henry, although he loves Jane, is physically attracted by Daphne, who is always terribly busy being



Denes

HARKING BACK TO THE DAYS OF THE VIRGIN QUEEN OF ENGLAND

Miss Sarah Jackson, the young actress, at that ancient instrument the virginal, first cousin to the spinet, of which she has made herself a mistress. Miss Sarah Jackson will be remembered for a distinctive performance in the Becket play at the Mercury, *Murder In The Cathedral*. Miss Jackson is, of course, very well known to everyone who listens to the wireless

WILLIAM CHAPPELL, NOW A SOLDIER
Baron

The well-known theatrical dress designer and choreographer is now, as will be observed, soldiering. He designed the scenery and costumes and arranged the numbers in *Up and Doing*, at the Saville, and did the scenery for the Gate Revue. He is now on special leave to do the same for the new Firth Shephard show which is in production

physically attractive, but must have been rather a bore otherwise. As for the Carter family, the husband, whom his wife had married because she was sorry for him and hoped to reform him, drank and was too often out of work; a daughter got into trouble, but died; a son married a silly girl, but left her to join the Navy; another son married and lost his life in a fire. Towards the end, Mary Carter, the mother, found peace and happiness as the caretaker of a country cottage, which life had always appealed to her.

As a story, "The Gentlewoman" is extremely easy to read; almost too-easy, perhaps, because it requires small mental effort to race through descriptions of washing up and scrubbing. And there are too many of these. However, the war casts its shadow over everything and everybody towards the end and really comes as rather a relief after so many small domestic and emotional details.

WITH THE FLEET AIR ARM—No. 5



A SPOT OF BOOTHER WITH A 'PLANE'—BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY BEUTTLER

What has happened is that the helmsman, or man at the wheel, as the land-lubber might say, has swung his helm hard over and the good ship, handy as a lady's maid, has heeled over to port, causing the bit of a roll we see. It is unlucky that it should have happened just as they were hoisting a "Swordfish" in-board, and the bombs and ammunition cases, which are charging across the deck, only too naturally add to the general commotion. No news has been received at the time of going to press whether anything went off!

THE TATLER
AT
THE THEATRE

"IN TOWN AGAIN" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

By ANTHONY COOKMAN

A PLEASANT return of all that is most pleasant in the three famous Farjeon revues—*Nine Sharp*, *The Little Revue* and *Spread It Abroad*. "Pleasantness," that is the keynote to *In Town Again*, which only shows that Mr. Herbert Farjeon, besides having an acid wit and a kindly humour—a very rare combination of qualities—has also a shrewd sense of business. It is generally considered offensive, I know, to call an artist a man of business but I wish more artists in the light theatre were like Mr. Farjeon, who, having made up his mind what his particular public wants, does not thereupon decide that they ought to want something slightly different and are going, for the good of his artistic soul, to get at least a bit of that something.

This is a highly commendable, indeed the only, spirit when a masterpiece of drama is in view. There are no short cuts to the peaks where such masterpieces are to be found. But a revue-writer is not asked to fetch masterpieces off high peaks; his job is to please a particular public at a particular time. That is the job which Mr. Farjeon set out to do in this anthology or omnibus, whatever you care to call it, and succeeds in doing to admiration. By choosing what was most pleasant in his past work and leaving out most of the things which, being fiercely satirical, might seem to some unpleasant at this particular time, evidently he judges that the revue public wants at the moment not to see the pants torn off of some social monstrosity and laugh on a short, sharp note of scorn, but to chuckle indulgently over its own quite amiable fads and follies.



EDMUND DON LEVY

utterly pointless holiday "snaps" to the man who wasn't there, but such savagery, like homicide in certain circumstances, is justifiable. The song about the well-dressed public's need for dirty songs and the lament for vanished melody in the examination of the peculiar noises made by crooners—these, too, must be classified as satire, but the rest—the father explaining the facts of life to his schoolboy son, the outrageous comparison between the spirit of club and village cricket, the orgies of high-brow art at the dance matinée and so forth—are all smooth-running burlesques, alive from end to end with intelligence.

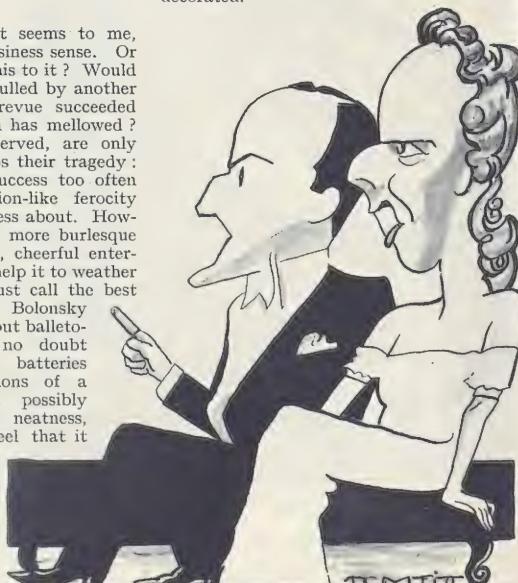
A word of warning to those who intend to renew acquaintance with these burlesques. Those who first act in them make them their own by a thousand strokes of "business" which are not really imitable. Their successors inevitably lack that extra half-ounce of energy which goes to the making of something original. There are times during the evening when the unlucky second eleven seem to be shuffling in shoes slightly too big for them. Yet so cleverly do Miss Nadine March, Miss Joan Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Wilfrid Hyde-White adapt themselves to the requirements that perhaps only those who too clearly remember the original performances and performers will be conscious of certain disparities. The company is keen, lively and intelligent. There has been no lack of care in the production, which runs quite as sweetly as the original, and in some numbers, notably in "Voila les Non-Stop Nudes," seems to have gained in smoothness and finish. The show is well dressed, and handsomely decorated.



WILFRID HYDE-WHITE
AND JOAN STERNDALE BENNETT

Here Mr. Farjeon, as it seems to me, shows nothing but good business sense. Or is there rather more than this to it? Would an anthology of his work culled by another hand show that, as one revue succeeded another, the satirist in him has mellowed? Satirists, it has been observed, are only human, and that is perhaps their tragedy: the mellowing effects of success too often rob them of the scorpion-like ferocity which helped to bring success about. However that may be, there is more burlesque than satire in this smooth, cheerful entertainment, and that should help it to weather the *Blitzkrieg*. Still, we must call the best thing in it, "When Bolonsky Danced Belushka," satire, but ballotonians—many of whom no doubt are now manning A.A. batteries or controlling the gyrations of a barrage balloon—cannot possibly resent a flaying of such neatness, and some of them may feel that it explains how funny their little beards and snobbish clichés seemed to the rest of us in those good old far-off days of peace.

There is a certain savagery in the study of the girl showing her



ERIC ANDERSON AND NADINE MARCH



William Davis

PHYLLIS STANLEY STUDIES COOKING IN "RECIPES OF ALL NATIONS"

Phyllis Stanley will take a leading rôle in the new B.B.C. series of Radio Revue which C. B. Cochran is planning under the name of *Cock-a-Doodle-Doo*, a title suggested by A. P. Herbert, who will write some of the sketches for this new form of entertainment. The first Cochran production in which Phyllis Stanley appeared was *Happy Returns*, at the Adelphi, and he gave her a leading rôle when she took Tilly Losch's part of the Nun in *The Miracle* some years ago, which was so successful that she was engaged for an extensive tour of the country. Phyllis Stanley studied ballet dancing in Paris for two years, but gave it up owing to her height (she is 5 ft. 8½ in.), and took to singing and dancing in revues, musical plays and cabaret. She is twenty-five years old; has blonde hair and is very athletic and loves to swim, play golf or ride. In the picture above she is arranging the flowers in her flat, always her first job after getting up in the morning.

"COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO"

PHYLLIS STANLEY IN

C. B. COCHRAN'S RADIO REVUE





ANCIENT AND VERY BEAUTIFUL HINCHINGBROOKE, ONCE BOUGHT BY THE CROMWELL FAMILY FOR SEVENTEEN POUNDS



THE EARL OF SANDWICH AND RETAINERS



THE EARL OF SANDWICH GIVING SOME PUPILS THE "ONCE OVER"

COUNTRY HOMES

IN WARTIME

No. 17:

HINCHINGBROOKE,

HUNTINGDON



THE COUNTESS OF SANDWICH AND
(BELOW), LADY FAITH NESBITT
(LEFT)

(LEFT)
THE
SLEEPING
BABES IN THE
LOVELY GARDEN,
A NICE
SNUG SPOT





RAMSEY ABBEY GATEWAY



THE FRONT VIEW OF HINCHINGBROOKE AND THE "TWELVE APOSTLES" YEWS:
LORD AND LADY SANDWICH IN THE FOREGROUND

Hinchinbrook, now a beautiful wartime "dug-out" for a girls' school and a babies' crèche, has been in the Sandwich family since 1627, when Sir Edward Montagu, who was a distinguished Parliamentary General, had it. Before that it had belonged to the Lord Protector's family for a hundred years, and it is said that a thrifty member of that ilk bought it for the modest sum of £17. Richard Cromwell, Old Noll's son, enlarged and improved it with a considerable quantity of stone which he brought from Ramsey Abbey, and Lord Sandwich is seen standing in a gateway thus "acquired." The Lord Protector was not very fond of Abbeys or Popery, and this gateway from Ramsey may be something in the way of collateral evidence. The school which is in part domiciled at Hinchinbrook is the Highbury High one. They are billeted in various houses and attend the Old Grammar School, to which Oliver Cromwell went. Some of the classes are held in the drawing-room and hall of Hinchinbrook, and Lord Sandwich is seen taking a personal interest in some of the little girls at their work. One of the houses in the grounds received the Hoxton Day Nursery, and some of the little patrons can be observed having a nice bit of shut-eye under most pleasant conditions. Lady Faith Nesbitt, seen in another picture, is the elder daughter of the house, and the little boy, very like his grandfather, Lord Beaverbrook, is a son of the late Hon. Drogo Montagu and the former Janet Aitken, Lord and Lady Beaverbrook's daughter.



HER LUCKY LITTLE GUESTS
GEMMA (DAUGHTER) AND
MARGARET MONTAGU



DOING THEIR BIT IN THE ART CLASS: MYRTLE GLOVER
AND MARGARET GOODCHILD



(RIGHT)
MISS
WINTERTON
(MATRON)
AND THE
HOXTON
TWINS



"BECAUSE I
THOUGHT
HE WAS THE
BEST MAN"

THE
PRIME MINISTER



LORD SWINTON BUSY AT HIS "HUSH! HUSH!" JOB, IN HIS OFFICE
1. SOMEWHERE IN LONDON



When the Prime Minister was heckled about what Lord Swinton's actual job was, after asking the inquisitive not to ask so many questions he said in general terms that it was his Lordship's charge to frustrate the designs of agents of the enemy. That, of course, is the job of every mother's son of us. When the Premier added that Lord Swinton was the "best man," he told many people a plain and unvarnished fact. Enemy agents hate Lord Swinton almost as much as Hitler hates Mr. Churchill. The former Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame was raised to the Peerage in 1935 as Viscount Swinton. Amongst his various previous activities was his appointment as Secretary of State for Air in 1935. He held that portfolio till 1938, a period during which the German air force was menacingly increasing in strength, and the outlook was by no means quite so rosy as it is to-day—for Germany was out in front



LEAVING FOR HIS OFFICE IN HIS HUMBER



Photo: F. J. Mortimer

THEY ARE COMING TO FIGHT UNDER OUR FLAG

A wonderful picture of American destroyers in line ahead and coming through the kind of Atlantic sea which they face as all in the day's work. The fifty "over-agers"—actually first-class ships in excellent condition—which Great Britain is now getting from the U.S.A. will conveniently bridge that little gap before the enormous amount of new fighting tonnage goes into commission. Our naval preponderance, already imposing, will then perhaps be one hundred per cent. more so!

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

THE War in two nutshellss:

(a) Once and for all we must do away with the absurd state of affairs that one nation is in a position at its own sweet will to blockade an entire continent.—HITLER;

and (b) The road to victory may not be so long as we expect, but we have no right to count on this. Be it long or short, rough or smooth, we mean to reach our journey's end.—THE PREMIER.

Hitler has never made a more damaging admission, for he has told us before this that not only is he independent of any blockade, but further, through the mouth of his Italian jackal, that the British Fleet is non-existent.

IN every fight there are always at least two people. This is a fact well worth bearing in mind at this moment: so is the retort to the remarks, "Well, you are a jolly old mess!"—". . . Yes, but you haven't seen the other chap yet!"

IN a letter to your sedate contemporary, the *Sunday Times*, a correspondent, quoting a Peninsular War story about the wives of officers and men who were allowed to accompany their menfolk on service, and of the nuisance which they were, because they "were first mounted up and away in advance, blocking up narrow passages and checking the advance of the army with their donkeys," said that there were "not many officers but many other ranks who did so." There were actually only four to six wives per company allowed, but this was obviously four too many. Also it is not correct to say that they were permitted to get off in front. In the Corunna operations, from 1000 to 1200 women and children "unable to keep up with troops," were found by the French (Soult and Ney) in a barn at Astorga. They had been living for days on raw barley. When this was reported to Napoleon he treated them kindly, gave them food and lodging, and then sent a flag of truce to let the English General know that, when the weather permitted, they would be sent back to him. (Ref.: "The Memoirs of Marbot," upon which Conan Doyle

based his "Adventures of Brigadier Gerard.") If any German General under Hitler's command in this present conflict had been confronted with a similar situation he would have machine-gunned the lot. (Corroborative testimony: Tournai, many other places in the Dunkirk retreat, Croydon and several other places in England, particularly the cross-roads incident where women and children out shopping were murdered in cold blood.)



LORD AND LADY RATHDONNELL
AT THE CURRAGH

The owner of that beautiful dwelling place, Lisnavaugh, was on a few days' leave from his cavalry unit and put them in racing at that pleasant spot, The Curragh



ALSO LADY KILDARE AND LORD FINGALL

The former Miss Joane McMorrrough Kavanagh married the Duke of Leinster's heir in 1936. Lord Fingall (Lord Killeen, famous G.R. as was) was on a bit of leave from the "Death or Glory" Boys



OFFICERS OF A NAVAL BASE IN SOMEWHERE

The only information permitted in these hush-hush times is this, that the names are: (Back row) Lieut. Chapman, R.N.V.R., Lieut. R. A. McDonald, R.N.R., Lieut. (Paymaster) O. C. Biggs, R.N.V.R., Lieut. (Paymaster) T. W. Garnett, R.N.V.R., Surgeon-Lieut. J. L. W. Davies, R.N.V.R., Pay-Lieut. R. C. Mitchell, R.N.V.R., Lieut. E. G. Murphy, R.N.R., Pay-Sgt. Lieut. H. J. Evans, R.N.V.R.; (standing second from left) Lieut. W. G. Chapman, R.N., Col. G. A. Gordon, Secy. Marine Dept., Chief Writer S. G. Robins, Lieut. T. S. Marshall, R.N.R., Lieut.-Com. R. W. Mackie, R.N.R., Lieut.-Com. E. A. Owens, R.D., R.N.R., Lieut.-Com. T. A. Bougher, R.N.V.R., Lieut. H. H. Rundell, R.N., Lieut. R. S. Tudor, R.N.R., Lieut. J. W. Owen, R.N.R., Chief Writer L. C. Roberts, Chief Petty Officer F. Gregory; (sitting) Lieut.-Com. W. R. Dale, R.N., Com. L. M. Mitchell, R.N.R., Eng.-Com. H. H. Gordon, R.N., Captain C. T. Wilson, R.N., Captain E. A. Honan, D.S.O., R.N., Officer Commanding Station, Com. C. H. B. Foxley, R.N., Com. H. R. James, D.S.C., R.N., Com. J. Whitha-Gracey, R.D., R.N.R., Lieut.-Com. C. S. Geary, R.N.

THE advice given recently over the wireless to persons who may approach an armed post and have not yet learned that a prompt answer to a sentry's challenge is desirable, was admirable, so far as it went: but I venture to suggest that it does not go far enough. The adventurous person approaching a post was assured that he would be challenged three times before the sentry loosed off. Is this something new? In time of war, and even in peacetime in certain regions, a sentry is only required to challenge once after dark and then fire if the answer is not extremely prompt. The reason for this is surely obvious. Any hesitation might result in the sentry being rushed and knifed. This has happened so often that it ought not to need any stressing. A rifle shot is the best and the quickest way of putting the whole outpost line on the alert. There is no time to waste, and if someone gets plugged by mistake and because he has not taken the trouble to absorb the fact that war is war, that is his funeral.

A very illustrious officer once upon a time very nearly met his end by failing to answer a challenge after dark. He thought he would do a Napoleon act and go round the sentries who were posted on his official abode. The guard happened to be furnished by a Gurkha regiment just back from a scrap on the frontier. The little men are always pretty quick in the uptake, but having just arrived from a spot where

no one can afford to take chances or stand upon ceremony, they were even more than usually keyed-up. The General muffed himself in his cloak and crept up on one of the sentries, meaning to rush him and smother him in his cloak if he could. He did not answer the "Hukumdar," and he had only just time to disclose his identity as the Gurkha lunged at him with his bayonet and then stepped back ready to let fly. It was a narrow squeak, and it was entirely wrong of the distinguished officer to play that sort of silly trick. He found out all right that the sentries were very wide-awake, and he was very lucky to come out of it alive.



PROMINENT PERSONALITIES: MR. S. J. K.
ROYCROFT AND LORD MONTEAGLE

Mr. Roycroft is a trustee of this famous Irish show, and Lord Monteagle, who has his seat at Mount Trenchard in the county, one of its best supporters



ANOTHER GROUP OF WELL-KNOWN
Lady Muskerry is in the centre, and Lady Monteagle
on the extreme right. On the left are the Hon.
Gerald and the Hon. Joan Spring Rice, Lord and
Lady Monteagles' children



THE SENIOR STEWARD AND TWO JUDGES
Mr. Edward Leahy talking over things with
Mme. O'Mahony and Mrs. Mitchell, who
had the task of judging the ponies at this
most successful Irish Show

COUNTY LIMERICK STAGES A MOST SUCCESSFUL SHOW OF HORSES AND DOGS



LORD DUNRAVEN AND ONE OF HIS
GRANDDAUGHTERS

Miss Pamela Wyndham-Quin is the youngest daughter of Lord Dunraven's second son, Commander the Hon. Valentine Wyndham-Quin, and the family, as will be noted, was in very strong force at this show



THE COUNTESS ROSEMARY DE LA POER AND HER WINNING
ALSATIAN, "CURTEEN PRINCE RUPERT"

The Countess Rosemary de la Poer married the second holder of this Holy Roman States title in 1937, and was formerly Miss Rosemary Ann Capel. The judges did not go wrong when they gave this fine dog the winning rosette. The entry was a strong one, a fact which naturally made success all the sweeter



Frank O'Brien

TWO MORE LIMERICK NOTABILITIES
Mme. Fitzgerald, the charming wife of the twenty-eighth Knight of Glin Desmond Fitzgerald, whose mother, Lady Rachel Wyndham-Quin, was a daughter of the fourth Lord Dunraven, with Mrs. O'Kelly, who is well known in the sporting world in the South of Eire

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

"**A**LL you can eat for half a crown." The proprietor of a restaurant which makes this offer was congratulating himself on a plan which attracts good custom, when in walked a patron over six feet tall and weighing about eighteen stone, and settled himself for a comfortable meal.

After he had finished, the official count was handed to the proprietor by a grim-faced waiter. It read: "Four fruit cocktails, eight veal cutlets, five portions of potatoes, two portions of beef, six ice-creams, two tomato salads, five portions of ham."

As the patron left, the proprietor smiled, undaunted.

"Come and have a proper meal some time," he said.

THIS scene was a railway carriage, and the "tubby" sailor was telling the old lady all about his life in the Navy.

"What sort of ship are you on?" she asked.

"Submarine, mum," he replied.

"And what is your particular job?"

"Well, mum, I runs for'ard and tips her up when we wants to dive."

THE prison visitor was doing her noble best.

"And what sort of man are you going to be when you get out of prison?" she asked one of the inmates.

"An old one, lady," replied the convict grimly:

TWO German airmen, whose plane had been brought down by R.A.F. fighters, were taken prisoner and temporarily accommodated at an aerodrome "somewhere in England," where they were provided with a batman to minister to their needs.

Beginning his duties, the batman—an old "sweat"—came rigidly to attention, and, giving the Nazi salute, said: "Heil, Churchill!"

SMITH assured his wife that he was perfectly competent to mend the broken window. He took the measurements and went to buy the glass.

"Quite a simple job," said the shopkeeper. "You just pull out the old glass, fit in the new, fill in the putty, and there you are."

An hour later Smith presented himself once more at the shop. The proprietor greeted him with an air of bright efficiency. "Same size again, I suppose?" he inquired.



"Movement's the important thing in this war, Barrington!"

THE negro parson had been preaching about salvation, and concluded by saying that it was free as water. Immediately after the sermon came the collection.

"But, parson," objected one of the congregation, "I thought you said salvation was free like water."

"So it is, brother, so it is," replied the preacher, "and so is water. We only charge for piping them to you."

THE new recruit we've got on the petrol-pumps is certainly a live wire," remarked the sergeant-major.

"Really?"

"Yes, a staff officer drove up a few minutes ago and shouted 'Dionne Quintuplets!'"

"That was a puzzler, wasn't it?"

"Not to Private Smith. He simply answered, 'Right, sir,' and gave the officer five gals."

IT was a very tense scene in the film. The audience sat enthralled. Suddenly in one of the scenes the hero slapped the heroine in the face.

In the stunned silence which followed this tense moment a little voice piped up:

"Mummy," it said, "why doesn't she slosh him back like you do?"

IT was the annual dinner of the local angling society, and in response to cries of "Speech!" Bodger rose.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "it was when I first met my dear wife that I decided to take up fishing; her words inspired me to venture forth with rod and line."

"Do tell us," interrupted a member of the society, "what was her advice?"

"Ahem!" coughed Bodger. "At our first meeting she told me to sling my hook."

THE occupant of a flat in London was troubled by the noise created by an actor who lived above. This man would come home after midnight and make his presence distinctly audible. So the man who lived below him called one day with an article he had cut from a newspaper. The article dealt with noisy neighbours and was handed to the actor without comment.

The actor read it carefully, and suddenly beamed.

"I say, old boy," he begged, "can I have the loan of this while I show it to that noisy devil upstairs?"



"But you said they were only meant to stop tanks . . ."

RECENT
SERVICE
WEDDINGS
AT HOME
AND
ABROAD



PUNJAB HILL STATION WEDDING

The marriage took place at Murree on July 26 of Miss Christine Marsden, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Marsden, and Captain Douglas Nation, the Devonshire Regiment, only son of Captain and Mrs. W. A. C. Nation, of Crondall, Hants. The bride's father is the Commissioner, Rawalpindi Division, and their English home is Sutton Waldron House, near Blandford. Her uncle, Captain Arthur Marsden, R.N., is M.P. for Chertsey.

(Back row; l. to r.) Mr. E. P. Marsden, 11th P.A.V.O. Cavalry; Miss Mary Marsden, the bridegroom, and Captain Bamfylde (best man); the Bishop of Lahore (the Rt. Rev. G. D. Barne), who conducted the service, Mrs. Marsden, the bride, and Mr. Marsden; (in front) April Marsden (bridesmaid) and Peter Cope (page), son of Lieut.-Col. A. H. Cope, Commanding the Devonshire Regiment.



MR. AND MRS. GERALD HEATHCOAT-AMORY
Lord Forteviot gave away his niece, Miss Sonia Myrtle Denison, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. E. C. Denison, of Pulborough, Sussex, and 5, Lyall Street, S.W., at her wedding to 2nd Lieut. Gerald Heathcoat-Amory, youngest son of the late Major Ludovic Heathcoat-Amory and Mrs. Heathcoat-Amory, of Tiverton, Devon, which took place on September 7 at St. George's, Hanover Square



FORMER CAMBRIDGE BLUE MARRIED
Lieut. R. Charles S. Dick, R.A.M.C., elder son of the late Dr. R. J. Dick, and of Mrs. Dick, of Sevenoaks, Kent, former Rugby captain of Scotland and Cambridge Blue, leaving Holy Trinity Church, Prince Consort Road, after his marriage to Miss Ann H. Fell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Fell, of St. George's School, Vanganui, New Zealand



AIR ATTACHE'S WEDDING
Miss Pamela Muriel Ismay, youngest daughter of the late Mr. James Ismay and Mrs. Ismay, of 26, Catherine Place, and Bembridge, I.O.W., was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, to Wing Commander John Charles Eric Arnott Johnson, who was appointed Air Attaché at Helsinki in 1938. Major W. Pearce was best man



(ON LEFT) SUB-LIEUT. AND
MRS. RICHARD EVANS

Admiral Sir Edward Evans, K.C.B., D.S.O., "Evans of the 'Broke,'" Chief of Factories Defence for the Ministry of Aircraft Production, gave away Miss Grace Corbin O'Connell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. O'Connell, of Buxton Hill, Cork, at her wedding to his son, Paymaster Sub-Lieut. Richard Andvord Evans, R.N.V.R., which took place at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street, on September 6

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Beneficial Rumour

THIS Ministry of Information, or "Minnie the Moocher" (and since Mr. Duff Cooper took on I have always felt kindly disposed towards it, for I believe it is working hard and well), should give special prizes to encourage the spreading of rumours—special kinds of rumours, I mean. There are, of course, the gloomy-rumourists, a deadly crowd, who crane and croak and cringe and whisper how this or that city has been blotted out and how everything is going wrong. The rumours these people set afoot, except when they are so extreme that they become jokes, are not normally beneficial to the national war effort. But there are also the humour-rumourists, those bringers of fantastic tidings of adventure and extravagant event.

We abound in these people in this country and their good effect is enormous. Usually rather fat and familiar, prefacing their remarks with a knowing leer and a glance round to see that no "unauthorised" person is listening, they tell you of tremendous happenings which are at once heartening and humorous. I remember one such story shortly after some bombs had been dropped not more than ten miles from a famous aircraft factory. I had first been the victim of a gloomy-rumourist—for in the air world it is impossible to keep news of attacks on the factories and aerodromes dark—who had told me of dreadful damage, of workshops wrecked, people killed and machinery destroyed. And as there had actually been one rather severe attack in another district, I confess to feeling perturbed. But I kept my mouth shut, knowing that sooner or later the facts would emerge. Then I encountered a humour-rumourist. There could hardly have been a greater contrast between the rumour he was industriously spreading and the one the gloomy-rumourist had been industriously spreading. This is what the humour-rumourist told me:

"You've heard, I suppose, about the bombing at So-and-So?"

I thought so. You know what happened? Most amazing thing in the whole war. Tremendous bomb of new type—more explosive power than anything. Fell in the road outside a shoe shop. Next door to the shoe shop there's X's hat shop—you know the place probably. Next morning, when the shoe shop proprietor arrived, not a single shoe could be found. And from that day to this not a single shoe has been found. But that's not the strangest part. In the hat shop the previous day all the hats had been arranged on those crooked stands—you know the kind, with knobs on the ends. Yet afterwards, although there wasn't a shoe to be

found, all the hats remained on their pegs—and the only difference was that they'd all been given a bit of a tilt which gave them a sort of surprised look! And that's all the damage that was done in that district."

Now if that sort of thing is not beneficial to do not know what is. It is better than all the declamations beginning "This England never did, nor never shall . . .", or "Come the four corners of the world in arms . . ." High-flown rhetoric does not have a look-in against humour in time of war.



Bertram Park
AIR VICE-MARSHAL RODERIC HILL, THE DIRECTOR
OF TECHNICAL DEVELOPMENT

There are not many more important charges at the Ministry of Aircraft Production than that held by the distinguished officer whose picture is above. Air Vice-Marshal Hill is the holder of the M.C. and the A.F.C.



CRICKET CRACKS IN THE R.A.F. v. PAIGNTON MATCH

This match, which was played at Paignton last week, was in aid of the local hospital, and with drawing cards like Walter Hammond, L. G. Crawley, and A. H. Fabian on view, it would have been a bit odd if they had not had a good gate.

The list of names provided is as follows: (seated) P/O. L. E. G. Amos, G. S. Butler (Torquay and Wiltshire), Flt. Lieut. L. G. Crawley (Essex and England); Flt. Lieut. W. R. Hammond, H. L. Penguin (Paignton and Devon), C. Galloway, P/O. A. H. Fabian (Cambridge University); (middle row) P/O. E. Bromley-Davenport; (extreme right) P/O. C. G. Macaulay; P/O. Cecil Rhodes, G. Wooller, etc.

Spotters and Spots

ABILITY to distinguish between a formation of hostile aeroplanes and liver spots before the eyes is one of the essential qualifications for those roof-top observers so many works and factories are now employing in order to give them warning of an impending air attack. Aeroplanes are extraordinarily difficult things to see when they are flying high, even in perfect weather. In the mists and fogs which hang over Britain the difficulty is multiplied. It would indeed be bad

if workpeople were sent to shelter merely because the watcher had had one sherry too many the night before. And there are other troubles for the air watchman, some of which will be clarified as experience accumulates. How far can an aeroplane be seen? That is the first question. The answer depends chiefly on the size of the aeroplane and on the visibility. I know of no precise figures on the subject, though there ought to be some. Field-glasses are helpful only after the position of the machine is roughly known. Thus if a vapour trail is seen, it may enable the machine to be picked up in the glasses; but without the trail or without audible indications, searching the sky through glasses is a fruitless proceeding.

I suppose at a rough guess a big machine could be seen twelve miles away or so on a clear day. On the average day the distance might be half this or less. But an aeroplane flying fast at middle height may drop its bomb when vertically over a point some two or three miles from the target. The bomb may take only half a minute to fall. So we must not expect too much from our roof-watchers. If they give us a minute and a half in which to take cover they will be doing well. I feel that some of the businesses which embraced the roof-watcher idea so enthusiastically (in my opinion rightly) were a shade optimistic about the length of warning that would be possible. That, however, does not affect the fact that the roof-watcher scheme is right.

Ending in Smoke

THEN there is the vexed matter of those vapour trails. They have been described as swastikas written in the sky by German airmen apparently out of sheer joy at flying over the land of the most hated enemy; and they have been said to be smoke hoops through which the dive-bombers go to the attack, rather like a clown going through a hoop. They have been interpreted as every kind of signal. In fact these are not voluntarily emitted smoke signals, but involuntary vapour trails made by the aircraft and its airscrew when they are passing through certain conditions of cold and humidity at height.



Such were the dawdling days when "motoring" enjoyed a fashion far in excess of its speed or expediency. The leisurely pace of the period may have harmonised well with "roof-garden" hats and "wasp-waists". But this now fantastic phase could no more have hoped to stay than the Dunlop tyre of that time could have defied its ultimate progress towards the masterpiece it is today.

DUNLOP

WITH TEETH TO



TYRES

BITE THE ROAD

CHECKING OVER YOUR STORE-CUPBOARD

By AMBROSE HEATH

GOING into my pet sweet-shop to get Susan her chocolate, I found the place in a state of upheaval. "Not an air raid, surely?" said someone facetiously. No, it was only stock-taking; and on my way home in the country bus, it occurred to me that the end of the summer is a very good time for taking stock—especially in the store-cupboard.

The winter is coming, and inclement weather with it, and we shall feel less inclined to shop (especially those who live in the country) and get our daily needs as they arise. There may be other difficulties, too.

We've all been advised to keep a kind of basic ration in store against emergencies, and this we should certainly do. But I would like to look on the store-cupboard these days as something rather more important and attractive (to our daily lives, that is) than just a repository for "iron rations." I'd much prefer to think of it as a sort of magic chest from which, when needs be, we can produce a meal which will do something to remind us of the old days when cooking was more a pleasure than a necessity. So if we are to arm ourselves with chocolate for the air-raid shelter, and nourishing drinks, too, biscuits and baking-powder (for baking-powder bread) against those improbable yet just possible days when the baker will not call, we should also think

of the ordinary meals which each and every day demands, and even of those little celebrations which we must always be prepared to allow ourselves—an anniversary, a son or brother home on leave, a birthday, an unexpected visit. And on those occasions, when the ration is perhaps only just holding out, we shall have to fall back on the store-cupboard. But there are also the ordinary occasions, late trains after an air raid or some sort of war work which keeps us out and about, and for these we should always be able to dive into our magic chest for a soup or some warming beverage which is so grateful to cold and tired limbs, and minds too.

Difficulties with our little catering—making the meat ration go as far as it can, temporary scarcity of the fish we want, no egg dishes except by a lucky chance—these, too, call for help from the store-cupboard. What excellent dishes can be improvised at a moment's notice out of tins! Only the other day I was thinking of delicious open tart tasted one day last winter, of which the centre was filled with a tinned macedoine of vegetables bound with such a delicious sauce that it was as much as I could do to get

my hostess to confess that the sauce, too, had come from a tin—a tin of soup which she had adapted to her wants. The same sort of thing can be done, of course, with all the various tinned fruits which can be bought nowadays, and to save sugar a packet of jelly, or part of one, and the syrup from the tin can hardly be bettered

enrich our own efforts. Mushroom soup makes a particularly good sauce for white meats or fish. It needs a little thickening, of course, but disguised still further with a sprinkling of cheese, beautifully browned in the oven or under the grill, few would suspect its comparatively humble origin! There's really no end to the implications of the Can. Even if we're too lazy or tired for anything else, what a feast we could have out of *hors d'œuvre* only!

And while I'm on the subject of suggestions, don't let us forget those many delicious cereals which make so admirable a breakfast; and why shouldn't we sometimes take a leaf out of American cookery-books, and when we're serving the matutinal porridge titivate it a little with a small handful of crisp uncooked cereal on top, such as cornflakes. A French amateur in cookery once wrote a whole book of recipes on the theory of contrasts of this kind, contrasts not so much of taste but of touch and texture, and there's a good deal to be said for it in moderation, as, for example, in this hot soft porridge and cold crisp cereal eaten together. If the children jib at their cereal now and then, let some fruit with it come to their rescue, or even a handful of raisins or sultanas. And when you're short of sweets, or it's raining and you don't want to go out, or perhaps you

want to amuse the children, admirable little sweets can be made with crisp cereals coated with melted chocolate, as anyone knows who has tried.

Biscuits, finally, are a thing we should never leave our store-cupboard without. Those coarse, wafer-like biscuits which are so seductive and so good for you, and all the little unsweetened biscuits to accompany our rather restricted cheeses nowadays; these, too, so useful for little snacks and savouries, saving us the trouble of wondering what to do with the crusts off the bread we should ordinarily use. The sweet kinds of biscuits, too, how useful they will be this winter. Cake-making in the home will be a matter more of opportunity than skill, and I rather fancy that many tea-parties will rely for their *cachet* on some delicious biscuit carefully discovered and made the hostess's speciality. And not only for tea, but for other informal moments; with those warming drinks at inopportune hours. Oh, and just one last suggestion for those who find the tea ration very hard on them, and do not like coffee: let them try a cup of coffee and chocolate or cocoa, half-and-half. It doesn't seem to be very well known in this country, but it's a drink for goddesses!



Tunbridge-Selby

PRESS VISIT TO HUNTLEY AND PALMER'S WORKS
Mr. E. Cecil Palmer, deputy-chairman of Huntley and Palmer's Biscuit Works, and hon. chairman of the Cake and Biscuit Export, is seen at the recent Press visit paid to Huntley and Palmer's works at Reading with Mr. d'Arcy Cooper, chairman of the Export Council of the Board of Trade

as a "setting" medium for those brightly-coloured and delicious contents. The soup-as-sauce idea, by the way, is one which might well be remembered: all the more this winter as we shall have no cream with which to



MN. ROBERT BOOTHBY, M.P., TALKING TO HOUSEWIVES

A little lecture in progress from Mr. Robert Boothby, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Food, Lord Woolton, who at the present time is working hard to see that the people rendered homeless as a result of air raids should be well fed in spite of having no kitchens, and is arranging for them to buy canned meat

G.E.C.

QUALITY PRODUCTS

Patriotic buying to-day means buying only necessities—and buying them to last. That is why, in the purchase of electrical necessities, you would be wise to choose from the range of G.E.C. quality products.



*Everything
Electrical for
the Home*

MADE IN ENGLAND

Sold by all
Electrical Suppliers

MINISTRY



OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S

FOOD FACTS №8

Remember to pin up this useful
advertisement in your kitchen

DO without that second helping, that extra snack, unless you really need them. Turn today's scraps into tomorrow's soups and savouries. Our waste is Hitler's weapon.

Save food! Save money!
Save cargo space for munitions!



Remember to turn on the wireless at 8.15 every morning. You'll hear many useful household hints

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

BLACKBERRY JAM

Allow 1 lb. sugar to each lb. fruit. The blackberries must not be overripe. Put the fruit in a pan, and after sprinkling the sugar over it, let it stand for 3 or 4 hours. Place the pan over a low fire and stir with a wooden spoon until the sugar is quite dissolved and the mixture comes to the boil. Boil rapidly for 15 minutes stirring all the time.

Then begin to test by cooling a little jam on a plate. If the surface sets and wrinkles when you push it with your finger, the jam is at setting-point. Take the pan from the fire. Cool a little. Remove the scum if it is very thick and pour the jam into clean, dry, warm jars. Cover immediately. If the jam is for immediate use, only $\frac{2}{3}$ lb. sugar is necessary for each lb. fruit.



A Grand Use for Stale Bread

Cut the stale ends of your loaves into neat pieces and bake them in the oven whenever you happen to have it on. They make crisp, delicious rusks, excellent for the children's teeth.

Grated Carrot Sandwich

Carrots are an exceptionally health-giving food and are rich in natural sugar. A grated carrot sandwich, preferably made with wholemeal bread, is a fine sustainer for an energetic child.

HEALTH HINT. Steam your vegetables rather than boil them. Steaming conserves their goodness. If you have to boil them, use very little water and save that water for gravy or soup. Never over-cook them. It wastes fuel and destroys much of their nourishing content.

THE KITCHEN IN WARTIME



PUNCTUALITY is all important in the kitchen, hence the picture of the clock; the colour scheme is in complete harmony with the kitchen and A.B. Cooker. The manifold advantages of the latter may be obtained from Federated Sales, 80 Grosvenor Street. It ensures perfect cooking and a constant day and night hot water service for a combined low fuel consumption. Furthermore, it is fitted with an automatic fuel feed, which eliminates waste and trouble



The A.B. Cooker that also heats hot water is seen above, installed in a cast-iron kitchen, panelled with enamelled porcelain. There are many colour schemes



Many new notes are introduced in this Coldair Electric Refrigerator, a product of the G.E.C. A real war saving, it incorporates new standards of food protection and economy

WARMLY to be congratulated are the General Electric Company on their Coldair Electric Refrigerators. They may be seen at Magnet House, Kingsway, London, or an illustrated booklet would be sent on application. One of the newest models appears on the left. This makes it possible in the hottest weather to prepare dishes in advance and serve them ice-cold when required. Furthermore, the price is very pleasant

FOR more than fifty years Garrolds, in the Edgware Road, have specialized in women's service uniforms. Today, when cooking is regarded as an art, they have added the cook's. To them must be given the credit for the one on the right, carried out in a white material which wears and washes extremely well, the scheme being completed with a practical apron. Of course, there are many attractive variations on this theme



Perfectly practical is the cook's uniform above, a simple dress and apron. It has been designed and carried out by Garrolds

Social Round-About

(Continued from page 377)

Mrs. Winston Churchill heads the list of distinguished visitors. Alice Delysia has done much appreciated entertaining.

Today it was almost as hot as the desert, and from the windows of the canteen one can see a white thing like a fortress, very Beau Geste and upstanding, and probably a garage, but now in the possession of the military.

When there is an air raid the sirens cannot be heard, but two romantic figures in uniform and tin hats appear on top of it, and stand motionless, watching, until it is all over. This pleases Lady Queensberry a great deal, but Mr. Knoblock is perverse, and says that he likes the sirens better: he visualizes them in Rubenesque abundance; great beckoning figures on the roof tops, ensnaring people with their melancholy, seductive song.

So what with that, and the René Clair higgledy-piggledy of Frenchmen and music all about, a glamour is given to the efficiency, because enormously efficient it is, even to the arranging of entertainment—ballet, theatre and cinema, tickets are presented, and batches taken.

Lady Queensberry, to every one's regret, is about to leave. She is going to take a mobile cinema around to the more remote and stranded soldiery, all the latest films. An excellent and much-needed scheme.

Loose Ends

Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer Porter are up from Guildford, where they have been living with his people. He is now in the Home Guard, used to be in the Brigade of Guards. She was Faith Fulford, of Great Fulford, in Devon: the Fulfords are said to be the oldest family down there. They had been at a party where there were some rather boisterous Canadians. One of them, purple and moaning with the heat, was solicitously asked if there was any way of helping him.

He said, "There's only one thing I want—to have my head in a public house and my body in a pond." So it didn't seem much use to offer a humble tankard of beer.

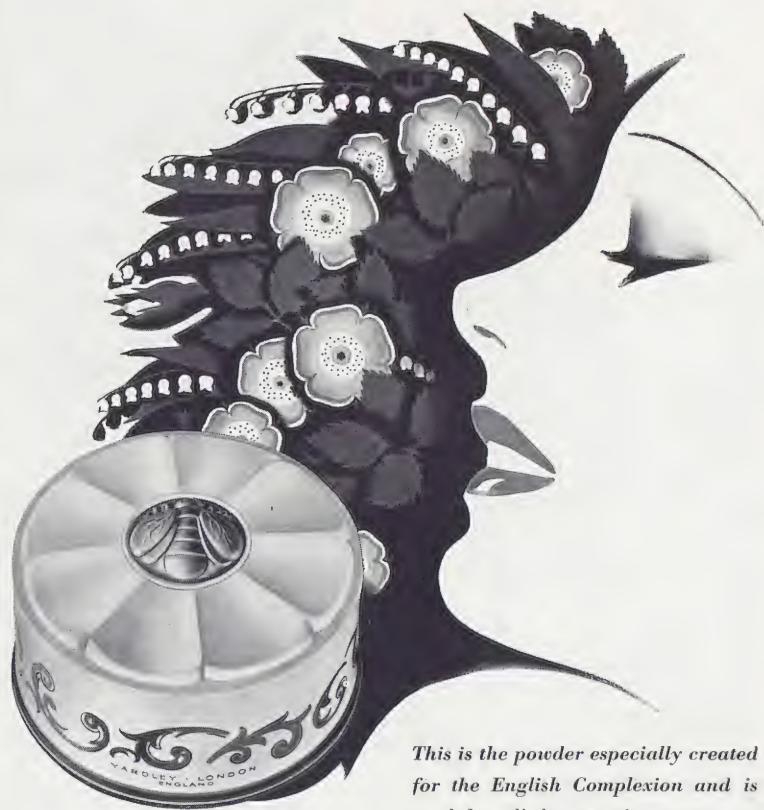
Two others walked down St. James's Street behind a well-known big pot. Off tooted the sirens, to the obvious horror of the distinguished gentleman. So the Canadians decided that the moment had come to do their imitations, beginning with one of a screaming bomb, and probably going on to a train going through a tunnel. But the screaming bomb sent their quarry to ground—into the nearest shop, when he flung himself flat on his face.

Invincible prep-school humour.

Whilst nobody is very fond of the noises which Mr. Churchill has called "wailing banshees," they undoubtedly have their uses, but when they are not as quick off the mark as some people think they might be, they do cause a certain uncomfortable feeling. Once or twice the warning and the bombs and barrage have almost come simultaneously, and though it is nice to feel that our guns are so quick on the uptake, most of us would like a fair amount of time to collect our thoughts. In the last war when planes were nothing like so fast the time between the old maroons and the first guns was twenty minutes almost to the tick. That, at any rate, did give one a bit of time to get ready.

Nowadays, however, things move much faster and we must be prepared for this higher tempo.

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This is the powder especially created for the English Complexion and is used by all beauty-wise women to perfect and maintain that lovely possession in all its youthful beauty.

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POWDER



TEST OFFER Sufficient Powder for a test, in English Peach, Rose Rachel and the new shade CAMEO, will be sent on application. Send 3d. to cover post and packing to Dept. B 15, YARDLEY, 33 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Young Mother's Problem

ACERTAIN young mother complete with infant, nurse, cook and the necessary accessories, proposes to evacuate the lot by motor car. Her motoring experience consists of the usual "short runs into the country" during the period of courtship plus an occasional spell at the wheel of her young man's car. Presumably during these excursions she would not have paid much attention to the niceties of navigation. But now she is faced with 130 miles' difficult cross-country journey in a land stripped of signposts and largely inhabited by strangers. I'm quite sure she hasn't the faintest idea of how to read a map or even of the significance of the new black and yellow "points of the compass" signposts that are being erected in various parts of the country for the benefit of the military transport. So her journey should provide an unusual and amusing angle on motor touring in wartime. I only wish I could install a recording machine in the car and overhear the conversations of the day's or maybe two days' journey.

Signposts New and Old

These new signposts indicate north, south, east and west, and in some cases the intermediate points of the compass by means of black letters on a yellow background. It may seem curious to some people that the military need these aids at all, as there are methods of determining the north point without going to the trouble and expense of designing, painting and digging in new signposts. There are also maps, Boy Scouts and the Home Guard to act as guides to out-of-the-way places.

The removal of the old signposts has certainly improved the appearance of the country. Which reminds me of a remark made by John Campbell, the owner of the Sligachan Hotel in the Isle of Skye, a summer or two ago. I had told him how difficult it was to find his unusual and excellent hotellerie in the middle of an island devoid of

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

road signs. "I don't like signposts," he said, "they're such ugly things." And he'd applied



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FAMOUS CHAIRMAN OF ROOTES LTD.

A great figure in the British motor and aircraft industries, Mr. William E. Rootes in addition to controlling eighteen motor manufacturing and distributing companies (Humber, Hillman, Sunbeam, etc.) is President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Chairman of the Motor Export Group under the Board of Trade, and Chairman of the Aero Engine "Shadow" Group under the Ministry of Aircraft Production

this opinion to his own hotel, for instead of a large and glittering sign he had painted the one word hotel in tiny lettering over the front door. You could only read it at a few yards' range, the hotel resembling a private house in every other respect.

Aid for Deaf Drivers

While deaf people are not worried by the noise of sirens, bombs and gun fire, they are often at a disadvantage when driving cars. They may not hear the challenges of sentries or the warning of an overtaking car. But if they wear a device like the new "Ardente" hearing aid, which is permitted during the official tests to qualify for a driving licence, they can hear in complete comfort. The aid employs an electric current, the consumption of which is extremely small, and is made by Ardente Ltd., P.O. Box 724, 309 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Driving on Sidelights

An air raid scare the other night forced motorists to proceed by sidelights only. The experience was unpleasant and little better than dispensing with lights altogether. But the surprising thing was that whereas the ordinary motorist was so blind that he had to proceed on bottom or second gear, some of the motor bus drivers seemed able to carry on at their normal speed. Probably this was due to their intimate knowledge of every yard and landmark on their route. Private motorists on the other hand could only grope their way along, relying on those excellent sparklers in the middle of the road and the white edges to the curb. In such conditions always find it advisable to keep well away from the near side of the road, which may hide an unlighted or dimly lighted vehicle, an odd pedestrian or cyclist. By keeping in the middle of the road one is less likely to overrun slower traffic, while having an unrestricted view of the lights, however dim, of oncoming vehicles.

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The Silent Sports Car



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In fact you can revel in their loveliness simultaneously with being most virtuously economical. Obviously one must always insist quite firmly on Bear Brand these days.

Bear Brand
PURE SILK STOCKINGS

Sheared Beaver by

Included in Bradleys Winter Fur Collection are many moderately-priced models in this lightweight, hard-wearing fur that is ideal for both town and country. One of the full-length coats is illustrated and there are smart jackets in the new 36" length.

Bradleys
Chepstow
Place, W.2.
BAYswater
1200



The Way of the War

(Continued from page 372)

astuteness. The fact is, the Rumanian set-up under Carol was one gigantic bluff. People in this country were never given an objective account of the real situation in his Balkanic Ruritania. The proverbial wit and wisdom of Rumania's neighbours give one a better insight into conditions in that rich but traditionless land than any amount of fulsome writing-up by credulous or interested travellers. The Russians used to say of their south-western neighbours that they had no nationality but only a profession.

But speaking seriously it is curious how little the monarchical system had struck root and how feeble was the popular response to exhortations to dynastic loyalty. I remember once, not so many years ago, while Queen Marie was still alive, driving with some friends near Sinaia. A huge high-powered car dashed by with a gracious figure in it wreathed in flowing veils. One of my companions said to a wayside peasant: "Do you know who that was?"—a wag of the head was the response—"Why, it was Queen Marie—Regina Maria." "What is a 'regina'?" said the peasant. Even to this day the countrymen of these borderlands hardly know what nationality means.

When Bessarabia was part of Russia the last time, that is before 1914, I was staying with some friends of Rumanian origin but Russians and quite Russified. The daughter of the house just to be different was always telling me how Rumanian the Moldavian peasants (of Rumanian speech) felt. One day out walking she said: "Here's an old peasant digging; I will show you what I mean," so she turned to the man



MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL NOBLE

Leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, after their wedding last week. The bridegroom is the younger brother of the present baronet, Sir Andrew Noble, and his bride was Miss Anne Pearson, Sir Neville Pearson's daughter by his first marriage

and said: "Stand up and look there over the river—that is the land of our Rumanian brothers." All the old man said was: "Ah! there are no limits to the domains of the Emperor"—he had only heard of Russia.

Carol has gone and with him his much-vaunted

*I am a unique sherry
in a unique bottle*

but . . . if your usual Wine Merchant is out of stock, try another round the corner, he might have one left, and it's worth the trouble; but please do "eke it out." It's not possible just yet to get enough for everybody to know me, The Finest Sherry Procurable.



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BROWN SHERRY

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This popular brand of silk stockings is maintaining its undeniable quality and style. Certain qualities are still obtainable in three lengths—short, medium and long. Foot sizes 8–11 in. There are eight fashionable shades of Plaza 3 length stockings.



A postcard to Plaza Stockings, 44 Gutter Lane, London, E.C.2, will bring you the name of your nearest retailer and a free chart giving you the ideal measurements for your weight and build.

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS—NOTTS HOISERY CO LTD.

Carol-line against attack from the west. The reduction of Rumania to the rank of a small satellite of Germany must have repercussions not only in Russia but among our Turkish friends. They are intensely interested in any change not only in the political friendships of their western neighbours the Bulgarians, but also in the future of Greece and her islands.

Islam and the Arabs

The menace which hangs over Egypt, the arrival of the Italian Mission in Syria intended, whatever its ostensible objects may be, to disarm the French forces in that country and the activities of the protagonists of a pan-Arab empire are, perhaps, even more than the Balkanic situation the objects of Turkish pre-occupation. The future of Syria with its bases and harbours, its nearness to Iraq and its Kirkuk-Tripoli pipe-line (now cut by us outside French mandated territory) interests us also in the highest degree. We cannot allow the Germans and Italians to get a foothold in Beirut, in Damascus and in the Lebanon. The French ceded, some time ago, the province of Alexandretta to the Turks. The interests and the position of Turkey must be considered in any steps taken with regard to Syria.

* * *

The King and Queen have been among the first to respond to the Lord Mayor's appeal for money to relieve the distress caused by the indiscriminate bombing of London. To the Mansion House fund,

which is to be known as the Lord Mayor's London Air Raid Distress Fund, the King has sent £1,000; the Queen, £500; Queen Mary, £500; the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, £250; and the Duke and Duchess of Kent, £200.

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Money is the means of winning this war. It pays for convoys, Spitfires, mine-sweepers, sustenance, safety.

And you have the money. Not much, perhaps. But if Britain's golden meadows and Britain's great defence measures are to win through—then what you have in your pocket, your purse, your pay-envelope, your pass-book, must be lent to the Government.

• • •
Lend all you've got—by buying Savings Certificates, Defence Bonds or National War Bonds; or depositing in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks.

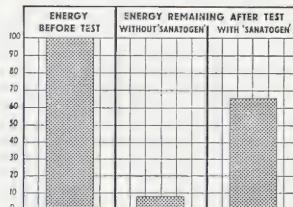
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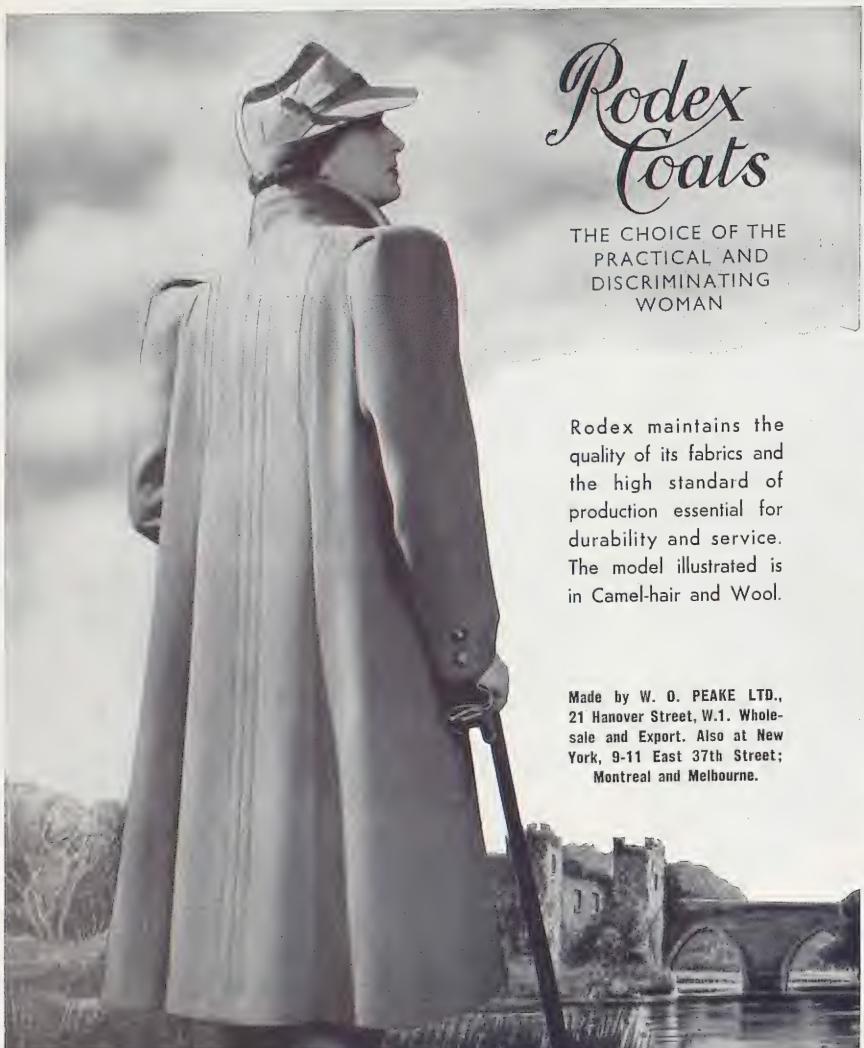
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—Men never change, darling. They still fall in love with brainless blondes, they still make us miserable . . . and silly women like us adore them in consequence.

—You're not silly, Grandmother.

—No, but I've pretended to be silly all my life with the greatest success. When I was a girl, men were after me like flies round a jam pot.

—Don't you think brains are important in a woman?

—Of course! It takes a clever brain to appear charmingly silly all your life without anyone suspecting you're not!

—Why is it that men don't fall in love with girls like me?

—You're not sufficiently feminine—you don't know how to make the best of your skin—and you don't know how to flirt.

—I think flirting is terribly boring.

—My dear child, how you shock me!

—Men don't bother to pay me pretty compliments. They just offer me a cigarette and then talk about cricket or sex according to which public school they went to.

—Modern girls allow men to treat them like equals . . . a great mistake. They think their beauty and their beauty treatments just a matter of make up—another great mistake.

—How can I improve myself, Grandmother?

—Start by looking after your skin—in the good old-fashioned way. I swear by Pomeroy Skin Food. And get advice from the Pomeroy Salon in Old Bond Street; learn to use as little make-up as possible—and to use it without appearing artificial and hard.

—Do you use make-up, Grandmother?

—Of course, where my complexion is concerned, I've deceived your Grandfather all my life and I intend to continue.

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Look for the mark on the cloth, and in the case of ready-made garments, look for the label of the Harris Tweed Association, which is a guarantee that the garment has been made from stamped Harris Tweed.



HARRIS TWEED

**LOOK FOR THE MARK ON THE CLOTH
LOOK FOR THE LABEL ON THE GARMENT**

Issued by The Harris Tweed Association Limited, 5 Coleman Street, London, E.C.2

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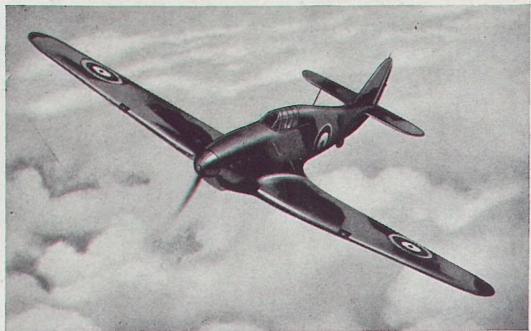
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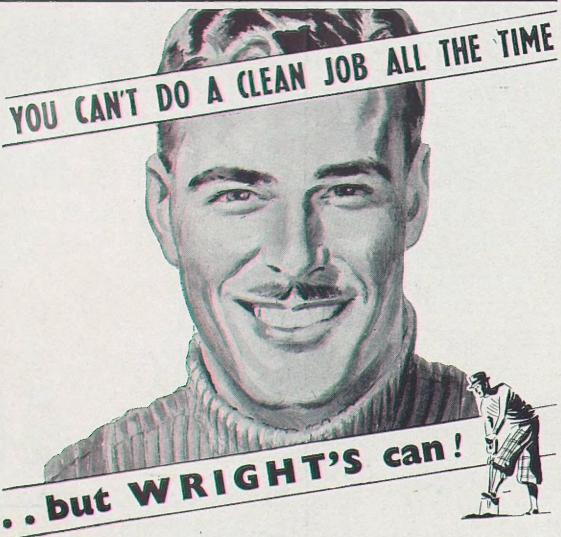
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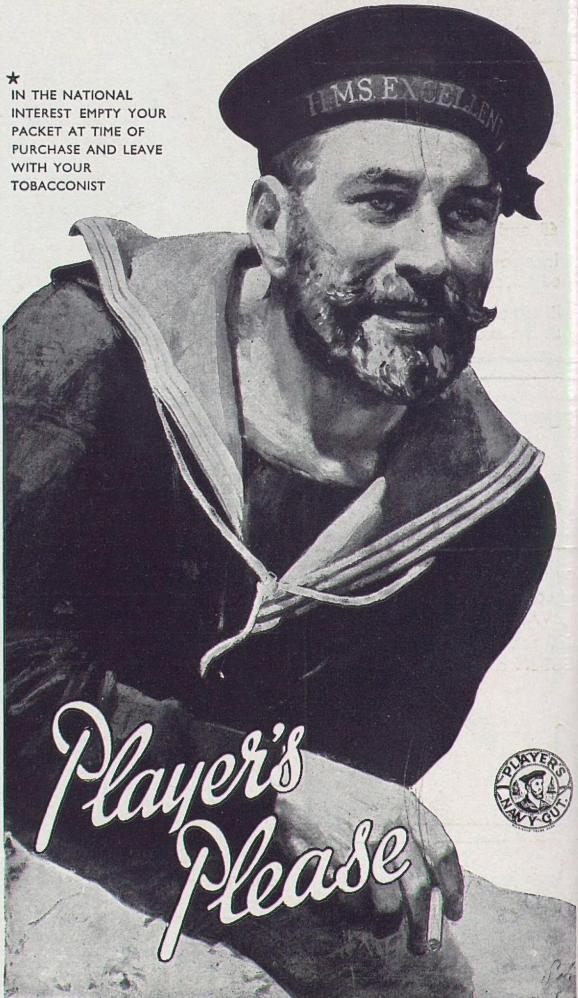
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